

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

Cleveland, Ohio.
W. F. SCHNEIDER.

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HAPPY SONGS

FOR THE

Sunday School,

THE

Social Meeting and the Home Circle,

BY

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

W. F. SCHNEIDER.

HAPPY SONGS

Brings Greeting to the friends of Jesus everywhere, and hopes to be used of God in helping to inspire and foster a devotional Spirit in the Sunday School, the Social Meeting and the Home Circle. Its songs are elevating in character, and will exert a hallowed influence wherever they are sung—lifting the soul nearer to God in its thoughts and feelings and aspirations. It is hoped that the tender, pleading heart-cries, breathing from some of these songs, may move many to penitential tears, and bring them to the feet of Jesus, and that the spirit of rest and trust and joy pervading others may be like fountains of living waters to the little pilgrims that journey upward toward the beautiful “Summer Land.” If this volume with its precious hymns, clothed in simple and beautiful melodies, may thus be an humble co-worker in the vineyard of the Master, bringing blessings of peace and comfort to longing hearts, its purpose will be fully accomplished. Cherishing such a hope, HAPPY SONGS is consecrated to Christ, and sent forth on its mission of love and blessing, as the humble tribute of our warm soul-affection for the blessed Master.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

HAPPY SONGS.

Happy Songs.

Words and Music by J. H. ANDERSON.

Gliding, with spirit.

1. { We are marching up-ward to that land of Light, Sing-ing as we go, Sing-ing as we go; }
 2. { There we'll all be clothed in robes of spot-less white, (omit) . . . Sing-ing as we go, Sing-ing as we go; }
 3. { While we dwell be-low we'll sing of Je-sus' love, Sing-ing as we go, Sing-ing as we go; }
 4. { And we'll praise Him when we reach our home above, (omit) . . . Sing-ing as we go, Sing-ing as we go; }
 5. { Let us love and serve Him while we lin-ger here, Sing-ing as we go, Sing-ing as we go; }
 6. { 'Till we round the Throne of God in heav'n ap-pear, (omit) . . . Sing-ing as we go, Sing-ing as we go; }

D.C. As we jour-ney up-ward to that home so bright, (omit)

Chorus.

Singing as we march along. Happy songs to Jesus we will bring, happy songs, Happy songs we'll ever, ever sing,
 Singing songs of sweetest praise.
 Praising Him in happy song. ever sing,

Singing as we march a-long.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Gliding.

Because He Loves me so.

GABRIEL MIESSE.

1. Why came the Sa - vior from a - bove, To dwell on earth be - low? Why suf - fer'd He on
 2. Why bow'd he in Geth - se - ma - ne, Be - neath a weight of woe 'Till blood - y sweat be -
 3. Why does he wash my sin - stain'd heart And make it white as snow? Why does he make his
 4. Why will he take me up to heav'n From cares and toils be - low? Why give a crown of

Chorus. He loves me, He loves me,
 Cal - va - ry? Be - cause He loves me so. He loves me, He loves me, He
 dew'd the ground? Be - cause He loves me so.
 home there-in? Be - cause He loves me so.
 glo - ry there? Be - cause He loves me so. He loves me, He loves me,

loves me, this I know, this I know, He gave himself to die for me, Be - cause he loves me so.

Jesus and Victory!

5

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

With vigor. March time.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. On, valiant soldiers of Christ, our King! On, 'till the world to his feet you bring! On, let the war-cry in
2. On, 'till the millions shall heed the call! On, 'till the kingdoms of sin shall fall! On, 'till his kingdom shall
3. On, ye his soldiers, in close ar-ray! On, and be firm 'till the foe gives way! On, we are gaining for

Chorus. Very loud. cres.
tri-umph ring: "Je-sus and vic-to-ry!" On, valiant soldiers of the cross, on, on!
rule o'er all! "Je-sus and vic-to-ry!"
Christ the day! "Je-sus and vic-to-ry!"

Follow your Lord and King, on, on! On, 'till the glad notes of vic-to-ry Loud thro' the welkin ring!

I Come, Jesus!

In her last moments she manifested great joy, her uplifted hands pointing to heaven, beckoning, while her lips stammered, "I come, Jesus!"

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. B. C. OYLER.

Tenderly.

1. Je - sus, I come! Je - sus, I come! To join the ho - ly throng As they stand be-fore Thy
 2. Je - sus, I come! Je - sus, I come! To wear the robe of white, And with all the Lord's re-
 3. Je - sus, I come! Je - sus, I come! To wear the crown of gold, In the land of summer
 4. Je - sus, I come! Je - sus, I come! To be at home with thee, And thy blessed joy to

Chorus.

throne, And sing the sweet, new song. I come, ... I come To join the ho - ly
 deem'd To roam the plains of light.
 bloom, Where flow-ers ne'er grow old.
 share Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

I come, I come, I come, I come,

throng; I come, I come To my long-wish'd for home.
 I come, I come, I come, I come,

Sweet Chimes.

7

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Allegro.
SOLO.

A. N. JOHNSON.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet! How sweet! Hear the chiming of the bells, How sweet!

FULL CHORUS.

1. This is God's own day of rest, Day we love the most, the best; Oh, what gladness fills the breast, As the
2. Brighter skies have never been, Nor a Sabbath more se-re-ne; Let us praise the great Unseen, While the
3. God has made this Sabbath fair, Heav'nly mu-sic fills the air, Hearts are hap-py ev'-ry-where As the
4. To God's temple we re-pair, To the place of praise and prayer, And we'll humbly worship there As the

bells chime on! Sabbath bells, chime on, chime on! Sweet bells, chime on, chime on, chime on!

Very soft. Coda. Rall. pp Dim - - in - u - endo.

The Kingdom Above.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNY.

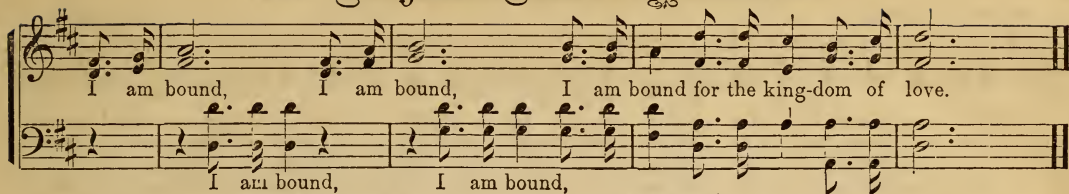
1. There's a kingdom a - bove, 'Tis a kingdom of love, Where the Lord and his ransom'd a - bide;
 2. There's a stream in that land, In that beau-ti - ful land, 'Tis the riv - er of life and of love;
 3. There's a crown in that land, In that beau-ti - ful land, Yes, a crown that is gold - en and fair;
 4. There's a home in that land, In that beau-ti - ful land, 'Tis all glorious, and gold - en and fair;

And its bliss I shall share, For I'm jour-ney-ing there, With the Lord as my lead-er and guide.
 I shall stand on its brink, Of its pure wa-ters drink In the kingdom of glo - ry a - bove.
 At my Savior's command, I shall go to that land, And shall wear it e - ter - nal - ly there.
 Ver - y soon, ver - y soon, When my life-work is done, I shall take up my dwelling-place there.

Chorus.

I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the king-dom a - bove,
 I am bound, I am bound, the kingdom above.

The Kingdom Above.—Concluded.



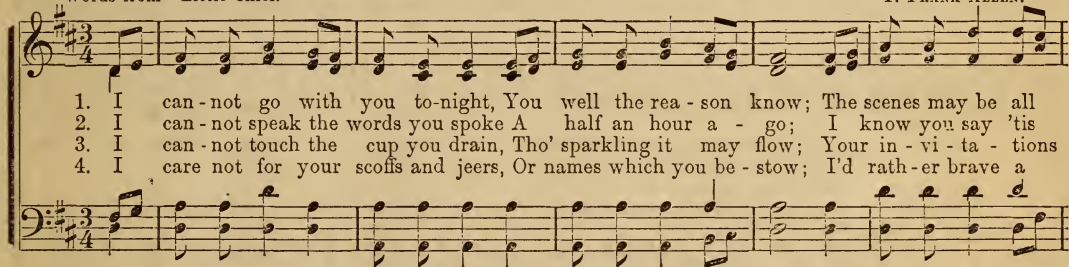
I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the king-dom of love.

I am bound, I am bound,

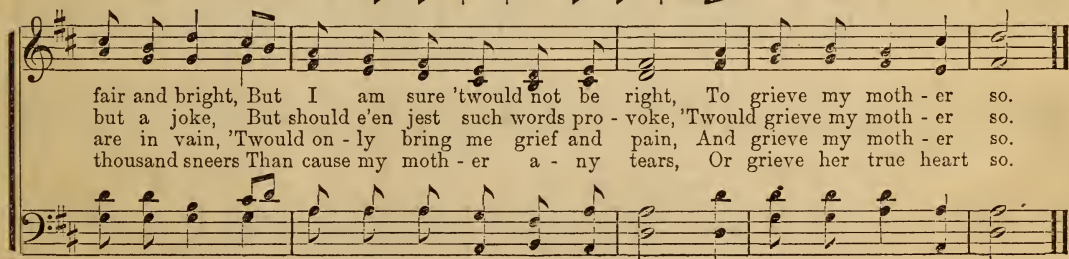
'Twould grieve my Mother so.

Words from "Little Chief."

T. FRANK ALLEN.



1. I can-not go with you to-night, You well the rea-son know; The scenes may be all
 2. I can-not speak the words you spoke A half an hour a-go; I know you say 'tis
 3. I can-not touch the cup you drain, Tho' sparkling it may flow; Your in-vi-ta-tions
 4. I care not for your scoffs and jeers, Or names which you be-stow; I'd rath-er brave a



fair and bright, But I am sure 'twould not be right, To grieve my moth-er so.
 but a joke, But should e'en jest such words pro-voke, 'Twould grieve my moth-er so.
 are in vain, 'Twould on-ly bring me grief and pain, And grieve my moth-er so.
 thousand sneers Than cause my moth-er a-any tears, Or grieve her true heart so.

Bless the Little Children.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Je - sus, bless the lit - tle children! Send them from thy home above Blessings for their hearts so
 2. Je - sus, bless the lit - tle children! When their hearts are lone and sad, Send them springs of joy and
 3. Je - sus, bless the lit - tle children! They are not too small and young To re - ceive thy ben - e -
 4. Je - sus, bless the lit - tle children! Par - don all their guilty sin, Cleanse their hearts from all de -

Chorus.

ten - der, Blessings of thy grace and love. Je - sus, Je - sus, Bless the children
 com - fort, Make their gentle spir - its glad.
 dic - tion, Save them all from sin and wrong.
 file - ment, Make thy hap - py home there-in.

Jesus, blessed, blessed Savior,

of thy love! Send to them thy peace and bless - ing From the throne in Heav'n a - bove.

My Wants.

11

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord, I want to fill some place, Tho' lit-tle it may be, A-mong the chil-dren
 2. I want to walk the bless-ed way Thou markest out for me, That so, in that sweet
 3. I want to be a shin-ing light, And burn with constant glow, And shed a brilliance
 4. I want to be a-dorn'd with grace, And be conform'd to thee, And then at last be -

Chorus.

of thy grace, In hum-ble work for thee. O Lord, I pray, im-part To my poor,
 path, I may Do something, Lord, for thee.
 pure and bright, Wher-ev-er I may go.
 hold thy face Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

For thee, . . . for thee.
 wait-ing heart The strength of grace, To fill some place For thee, O Lord, for thee.

Pilgrims and Strangers.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Pil - grims and stran - gers we jour - ney on our way, Seeking a coun - try fair, Where
 2. Pil - grims and stran - gers we have no home be - low, Ours is a home a - bove, Whith -
 3. Pil - grims and stran - gers we on - ward press our way, Up to the bet - ter land, Where

all of sigh - ing and grief is fled a - way, Full - ness of joy is there.
 er, with wea - ry and ea - ger feet we go, Up to the home of love.
 is no night, but a long e - ter - nal day, Light - ing the gold - en strand

Help us on our way,

Chorus.

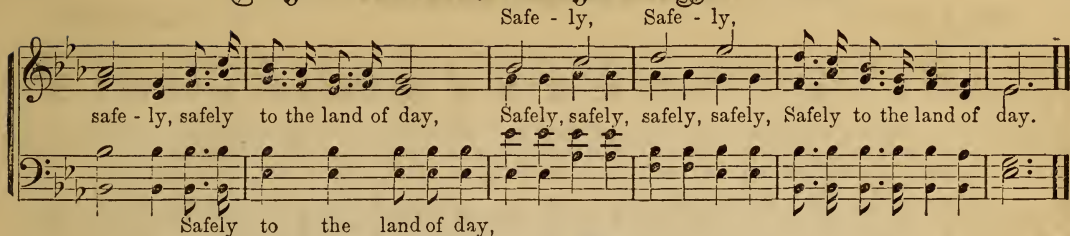
Help us, Je - sus, Help us, Je - sus, Help us on our way, on our way, Bring us

Help us, Jesus, Help us, Jesus,

Pilgrims and Strangers.—Concluded.

13

Safe - ly, Safe - ly,



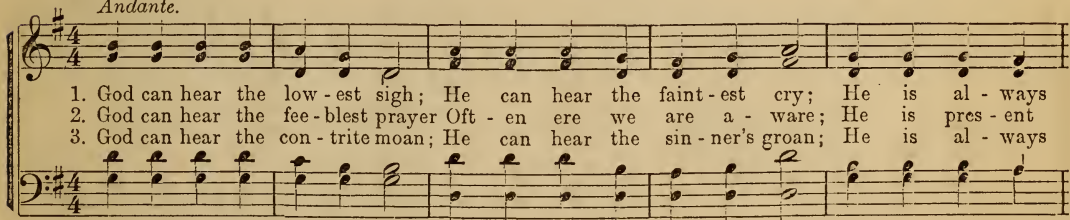
safe - ly, safely to the land of day, Safely, safely, safely, safely, Safely to the land of day.

Safely to the land of day,

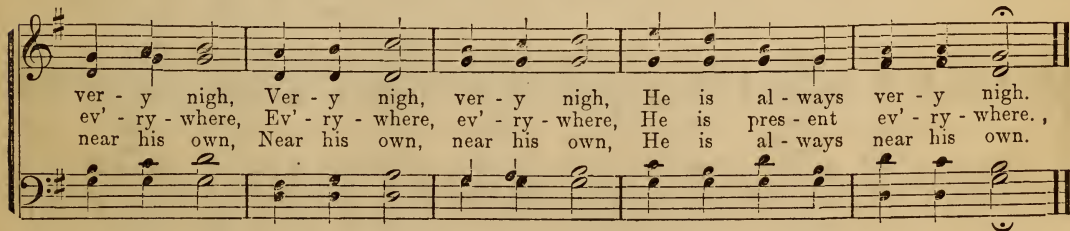
God can Hear.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Andante.

R. A. KINZIE.



1. God can hear the low - est sigh; He can hear the faint - est cry; He is al - ways
2. God can hear the fee - blest prayer Oft - en ere we are a - ware; He is pres - ent
3. God can hear the con - trite moan; He can hear the sin - ner's groan; He is al - ways



ver - y nigh, Ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh, He is al - ways ver - y nigh.
ev' - ry - where, Ev' - ry - where, ev' - ry - where, He is pres - ent ev' - ry - where.,
near his own, Near his own, near his own, He is al - ways near his own.

Jesus is Ready Now.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN
Adagio.

J. K. COLE, 1875.

1. You have long been thinking, brother, Of leaving the ways of sin, Knowing that Je - sus is
 2. You have long been yearning, brother, For pardon, and peace and love; Knowing that Je - sus can
 3. You have long been waiting, brother, No long-er in sin de - lay; Je - sus, your Lord is

Rall. *Chorus.*
a tempo.

read - y, And wait - ing to take you in. Then come, come to the Sa - vior, Be -
 save you, And fit you for joys a - bove.
 will-ing And read - y to save to - day.

pp Rit.


fore Him humbly bow; Wait no long-er, brother, Je - sus is read-y now.

Eden, sweet Eden.

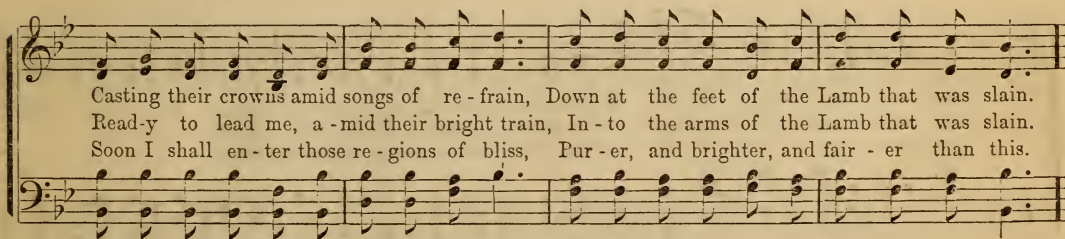
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ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

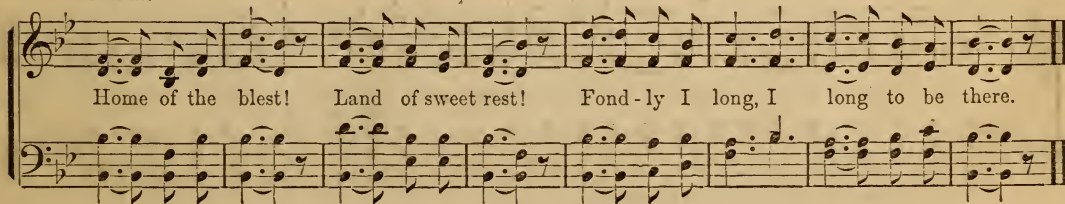
A. S. KIEFFER.



1. E - den, sweet E-den, thou beau-ti - ful land, When shall I be with thy beau-ti - ful band,
2. E - den, sweet E-den, thou beau-ti - ful land, There all my lov'd ones, a - wait-ing me, stand,
3. E - den, sweet E-den, thou beau-ti - ful land, An - gels are treading thy glo-ry - lit strand;



Casting their crowns amid songs of re - frain, Down at the feet of the Lamb that was slain.
Read-y to lead me, a - mid their bright train, In - to the arms of the Lamb that was slain.
Soon I shall en - ter those re - gions of bliss, Pur - er, and brighter, and fair - er than this.

Chorus.

Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest! Fond-ly I long, I long to be there.

Come, Come, Come!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, come, come! Come to the green-clad hills, O come to the sparkling rills.
 2. Come, come, come! Come to the val - ley fair, O come to the streamlet there.
 3. Come, come, come! Come to the lof - ty mount, O come to the cas - cade fount.

Chorus.

Come, come, come! Come to the sil-ver stream, Shining with crys-tal gleam. O come and
 Come, come, come! Drink of the wa-ter bright, Sparkling with golden light.
 Come, come, come! Come to the laughing rill, Come there and drink your fill.

O come, O come and

drink your fill, your fill, Of the wa-ter pure, of the water bright From the golden rill.

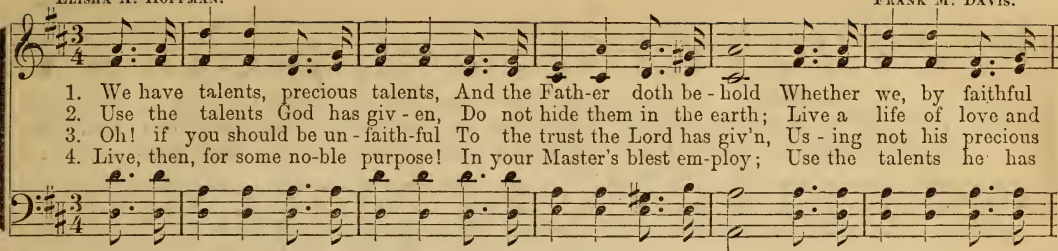
drink, and drink your fill, your fill, your fill, your fill,

Use the Talents.

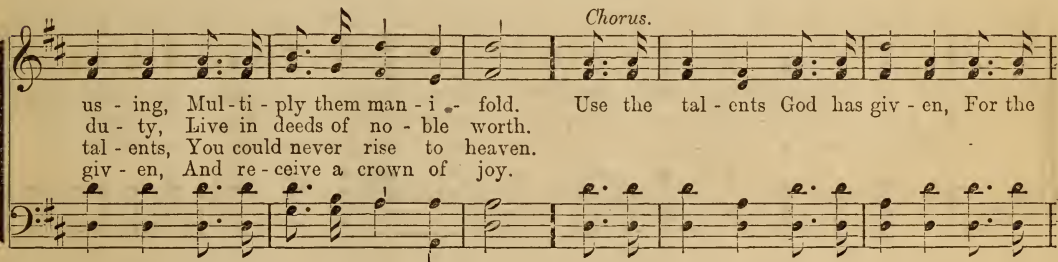
17

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

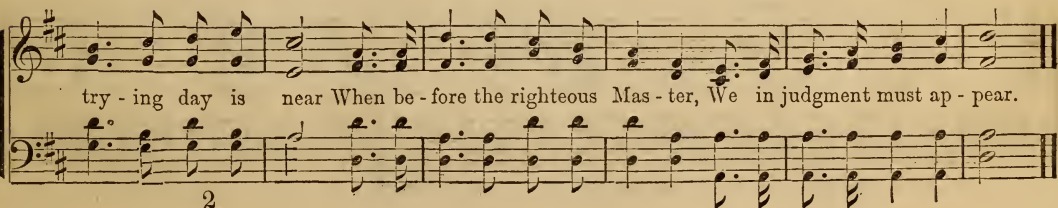
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. We have talents, precious talents, And the Fath-er doth be-hold Whether we, by faithful
 2. Use the talents God has giv-en, Do not hide them in the earth; Live a life of love and
 3. Oh! if you should be un-faith-ful To the trust the Lord has giv'n, Us-ing not his precious
 4. Live, then, for some no-ble purpose! In your Master's blest em-ploy; Use the talents he has



Chorus.
 us-ing, Mul-ti-ply them man-i-fold. Use the tal-ents God has giv-en, For the
 du-ty, Live in deeds of no-ble worth.
 tal-ents, You could never rise to heaven.
 giv-en, And re-ceive a crown of joy.



try-ing day is near When be-fore the righteous Mas-ter, We in judgment must ap-pear.

A Guiding Star.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Up in the blue e - the - real sky The ti - ny lit - tle stars are peep - ing; They
 2. The stars a - bove give out their light When day has dawn'd in-to the e - ven; So
 3. And then when I have liv'd my days, And earth - ly ties are torn and riv - en, I

shine in brilliance there on high, While wea - ry lit - tle eyes are sleep - ing.
 I would shine, se - rene and bright, To guide some wea - ry soul to Heav - en.
 want to be a lit - tle star, To shine for Je - sus up in Heav - en.

Refrain.

Oh! star so bright, With sil - ver light, Shine
 Oh! star. so bright With sil-ver, sil - ver light,

A Guiding Star.—Concluded.

19

on, and cheer the long dark night! I want to be, O star, like
and cheer the long, dark night, I want to be, O star

thee, To weary pilgrims wand'ring far, A guid-ing star, A guid-ing star.
like the A guiding, guiding star.

Now come to Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Why still de-lay-ing? Christ waits to pardon thee, In deep hu-mil-i-ty, O come to Je-sus!
2. Why spurn his mercy? He waits to save thy soul; Come now and be made whole, O come to Je-sus!
3. Why turn from Jesus? He waits to set thee free. Come, come entreatingly, O come to Je-sus!

We will Praise the Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. K. COLE.

1. The birds are pluming their wings for flight Thro'out the realms of ether bright; Their fairy tongues now
 2. The flowers, blooming in col - ors rare, With fragrance fill the balm - y air; Their cups with crystal
 3. The stars shine forth in brilliant gold; When night its curtains has unroll'd, And in their gleaming

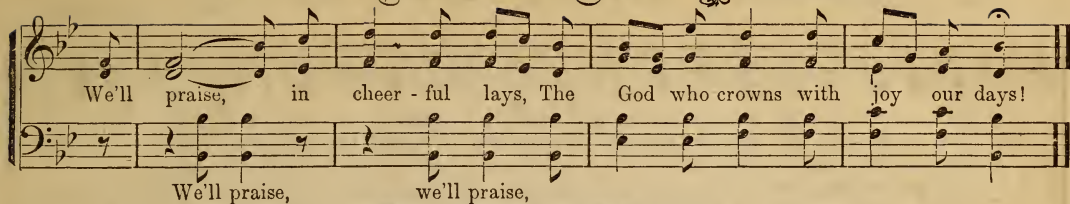
thrill with singing, And in the air we hear the ringing, The ringing of song, so rich and sweet, That
 dew are glowing, Their incense up to Heav'n is flowing, Is flowing in fragrance rich and sweet, Like
 and their twinkling We seem to read what they are thinking; 'Tis on-ly the way in which they raise Their

God must have made their joy complete. We'll praise, in cheerful lays, The God who crowns with joy our days.
 balm to the Savior's mer-cy seat.
 tribute of humble, grateful praise.

We'll praise, we'll praise,

We will Praise the Lord.—Concluded.

21



We'll praise, in cheer - ful lays, The God who crowns with joy our days!

We'll praise, we'll praise,

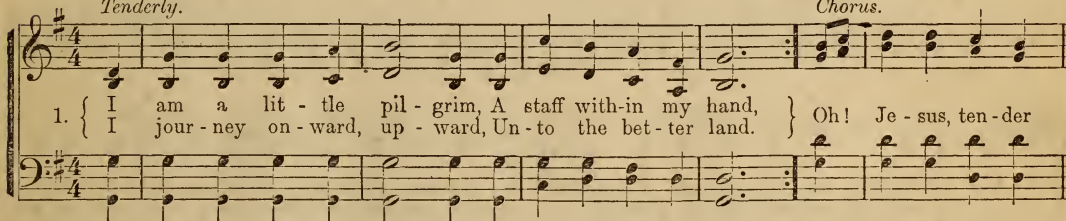
The Little Pilgrim.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

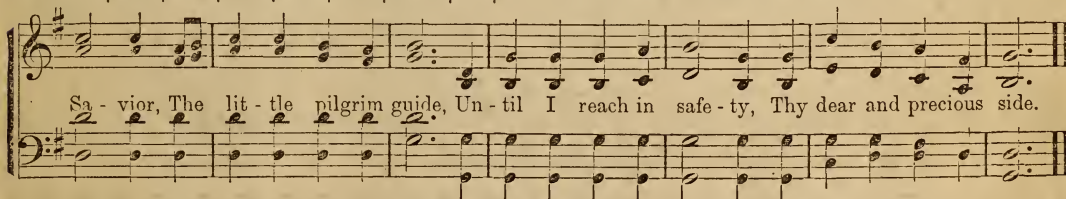
Tenderly.

Melody by ORIE HOFFMAN, nine years old.

Chorus.



1. { I am a lit - tle pil - grim, A staff with-in my hand, } Oh! Je - sus, ten - der
 { I jour - ney on - ward, up - ward, Un - to the bet - ter land. }



Sa - vior, The lit - tle pilgrim guide, Un - til I reach in safe - ty, Thy dear and pre - cious side.

2 I am a little pilgrim,
 And meet with many foes;
 I'll make my way to heaven
 Whatever may oppose.

3 I am a little pilgrim,
 And Jesus is my friend;
 He'll keep me safe from danger,
 Unto my journey's end.

4 I am a little pilgrim,
 And heed not scorn or frown;
 For when my journey's over,
 I'll wear a golden crown.

Welcome All.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1st. 2d.

1. { Welcome all to our hap-py Sunday School, Here we gather to learn the gold-en rule;
Here we sit at the blessed Master's feet, And His love, all His wondrous love re - peat.

2. { Gladsome praise we will sing un-to the Lord, For the gift of His ho - ly, precious word;
And we welcome you all to join our song, And the sweet notes of gladness to pro - long.

3. { Welcome all, welcome all this Sab-bath day, Join with us as un - to the Lord we pray;
Let us plead that his Spir-it may be giv'n, To di - rect us, and lead us up to Heav'n.

Chorus.

Welcome all, welcome all, welcome all, welcome all, Welcome all to our dear Sunday School; Welcome

all to our hap-py Sunday School, Welcome all, welcome all, welcome all!

welcome all, welcome all!

Not far from The Kingdom.

23

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
THE PLEA.
Adagio Religioso.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Not far from the King-dom, Yet halt-ing in sin; Thy feet at the
2. Not far from the King-dom, And death draw-ing nigh, No hope of a
3. Not far from the King-dom, The threshold un-cross'd, Full soon comes the

Rall. Rit. ad lib. **THE RESPONSE, OR CALL.**
Chorus. Cres - - - cen - -

por-tal, Yet com-ing not in. Come in-to the King-dom, Re-
man-sion With Je-sus on high.
judg-ment, And thy poor soul lost.

do. f pp dim. rall. Rit.

nounc-ing all sin; The Sa-vior in-vites thee, Come in, Come in!

If I Come to Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. If I come to Je - sus, With a spir - it sad, Will he make me
 2. If I come to Je - sus, With a heart of sin, Will he change its
 3. If I come to Je - sus, With a fer - vent prayer, Bow - ing at his

Chorus.

hap - py? Will he make me glad? If I come to Je - sus,
 vile - ness? Will he make me clean?
 foot - stool? Will he bless me there?

He will from a - bove, Send to me the bless - ings Of his precious love.

Gather them In.

25

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Gather them in from street and lane, Gather them in both halt and lame, Gather the deaf, the
2. Gather them in that seek for rest, Gather them in from east and west, Gather them in that
3. Gather them in from all the land, Gather them into our no - ble band, Gather them in with

Chorus.

poor and blind, Gather them in with a will-ing hand. Gather them in, Gather them in,
thoughtless rove, Gather them in for the home a - bove.
heav'nly love, Gather them in for the home a - bove.

Gather them in from all the land, Gather them in, Gather them in, In - to our noble band.

Eternal Rest.

Mrs. E. H. FISH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are pilgrims on earth, and we're journeying on, We are bound for the land where our Savior has gone;
 2. We have fighting to do, we have bat-tles to win, All a-round are the foes of temp-tation and sin;
 3. Yes, our days are fast pass-ing, our years fly a-pace, Ver-y soon we shall witness the end of our race;

Tho' wea-ry and faint we will nev-er give o'er, 'Till we pass o-ver Jordan and reach the blest shore.
 But if we are faith-ful it will not be long, Ere we join in the skies the vic-to-rious throng.
 Then let us ne'er faint, or of du-ty 'ere tire, 'Till we hear the good Master say, "Come upon high!"

Chorus.

Yes, far, far a-way in the sky ev-er blue, Is the home of our Sa-vior and bright angels too,

Eternal Rest.—Concluded.

27

And there in the land of the good and the blest, Is the saint's sweet home and E - ter - nal Rest.

The Unknown Country.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

With sentiment.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. "Where is the unknown coun - try?" I whisper'd sad and low, "The strange and aw - ful
2. Out of the unknown coun - try A voice sang soft and low, "Oh, pleas - ant is that
3. A - long the shining coun - try The peace - ful riv - ers flow, "And in that wondrous
4. Ah, then, in - to that coun - try Of which I noth - ing know, The ev - er - last - ing

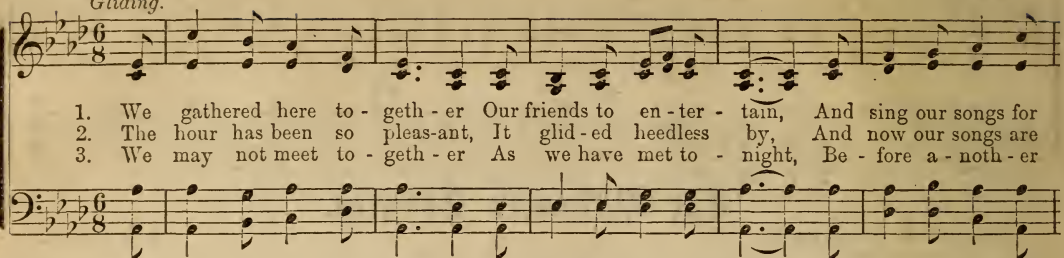
coun - try To which I soon must go, must go, To which I soon must go?"
coun - try, And sweet it is to go, to go, And sweet it is to go?"
coun - try, The tree of life does grow, does grow, The tree of life does grow."
coun - try, With will - ing heart I go, I go, With will - ing heart I go."

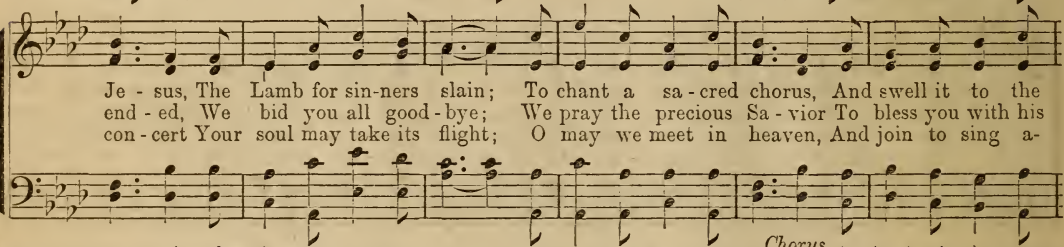
Good Night, till Then!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

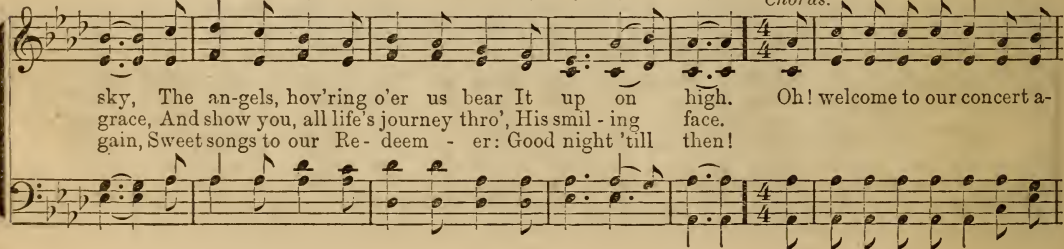
Gliding.

Mrs. A. B. ALSTON.

- 
1. We gathered here to - geth - er Our friends to en - ter - tain, And sing our songs for
 2. The hour has been so pleas - ant, It glid - ed heedless by, And now our songs are
 3. We may not meet to - geth - er As we have met to - night, Be - fore a - noth - er



Je - sus, The Lamb for sin - ners slain; To chant a sa - cred chorus, And swell it to the
end - ed, We bid you all good - bye; We pray the precious Sa - vior To bless you with his
con - cert Your soul may take its flight; O may we meet in heaven, And join to sing a -

Chorus.


sky, The an - gels, hov'ring o'er us bear It up on high. Oh! welcome to our concert a -
grace, And show you, all life's journey thro', His smil - ing face.
gain, Sweet songs to our Re - deem - er: Good night 'till then!

Good Night, till Then!—Concluded.

29

Rit.

gain, again, We bid you all a pleasant Good-night 'till then, Good night 'till then, Good night, Good night 'till then.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a half note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes, also ending with a half note. The tempo marking 'Rit.' is placed above the final measure of the upper staff.

Only Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. On - ly Je - sus will I know, On - ly Je - sus here be - low, On - ly Je - sus when I go To my home a-bove.
2. On - ly Je - sus will I sing, Un - to Him thanksgiving bring; To His cross for safe - ty cling, 'Till I gain the crown.
3. On - ly Je - sus will I love, And my warm af - fection prove, 'Till, within the home a-bove, I shall see His face.

The musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains three lines of lyrics corresponding to the three staves of music. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The accompaniment in the bass staff uses a similar rhythmic pattern.

Refrain.

On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Who has died, On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Crucified.

The musical score for the refrain is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The accompaniment in the bass staff uses a similar rhythmic pattern.

Let it now Cleanse me.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Adagio.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Je - sus, Thou did'st shed Thy blood On Mount Cal - va - ry, To re - deem a
 2. I am full of vil - est sin And im - pu - ri - ty, Wash me in the
 3. Mil - lions in its pre - cious depths Have found pu - ri - ty, I am yearn - ing

Chorus. Very slow.

world from sin, Let it now cleanse me. Let it now cleanse me,
 flow - ing blood, Let it now cleanse me.
 to be saved, Let it now cleanse me.

Rall. *Rit.*

Let it now cleanse me, Wash me in thy crim - son blood, Let it now cleanse me.
 me, Let it cleanse me,

Fight the Battle.

31

Rev. P. S. ORWIG.

Music by NATHAN BARKER.

Con Spirito.

1. Fight the battle! Fight the battle! Faith is need-ed to be strong; Walls and bulwarks
2. Fight the battle! Fight the battle! Grace and courage he'll supply; If you firmly
3. Fight the battle! Fight the battle! Tho' the war be hand to hand; We shall see the

Refrain.

need not check you, Christ, the vic - tor, bids you on. Fight the battle! Fight the battle!
stand for Je-sus, You shall have a home on high.
foe re-treat-ing, Conquer'd by our no - ble band.

Gird your ar - mor on! Fight the battle! Fight the battle! 'Till you gain the crown!

Why Delay!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED.

R. A. KINZIE.

Pleadingly.

1. Christ is call - ing thee to - day, Why de - lay? why de - lay? Call - ing thee from
 2. Christ is knock - ing at thy heart, Why de - lay? why de - lay? He, un - lov'd, may
 3. Fall be - fore the Mas - ter's feet, Why de - lay? why de - lay? And his mer - cy

Chorus.

sin a - way, Why de - lay? why de - lay? Why de - lay? why de - lay?
 soon de - part, Why de - lay? why de - lay?
 now en - treat, Why de - lay? why de - lay?

Turn from sin a - way, a-way, Why de - lay? why de - lay? Turn from sin a - way.

Stand, firmly Stand.

33

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Very Spirited.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Stand, firmly stand! A no - ble, valiant band, For temp'rance and the right, Your forces all u - nite, And
2. Stand, firmly stand! U - ni - ted heart and hand! Press nobly boldly on, 'Till vic - to - ry is won, 'Till
3. Stand, firmly stand! De - fend our blessed land From ev' - ry sub - tle foe, From ev' - ry tide of woe, Stand

Refrain.

Stand, Stand, Stand, for the

cast into the strife, The strength of all your life. Stand, firmly stand! Stand, firmly stand! Stand, firmly stand for the
notes of triumph thrill O'er ev'ry vale and hill.
bravely in your might, Stand bravely for the right.

Right, On, On, On, bravely on in your might.

Right! On, bravely on, On, bravely on, On. bravely on, bravely on in your might!

Firmly stand for the right, bravely on,

Heart, make room for Jesus!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. R. SWENEY.

1. Room . . for gild - dy, world - ly plea - sure, Room . . for ev' - ry kind of sin,
 2. Room . . for much of pain - ful sor - row, Room . . for woe and trou - bles sore,
 3. Room . . for pride and vile af - fec - tion, Room . . for pas - sion day by day,

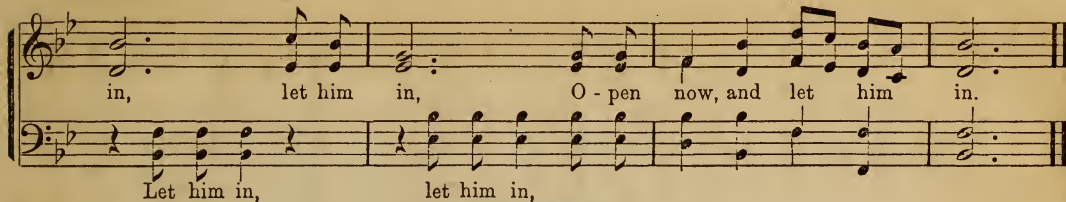
But no room for heav'n - ly trea - sure, None for Christ to en - ter in.
 Room for care on each bright mor - row, But for Christ no o - pen door.
 Room for tho'ts of wrong di - rec - tion, But no place for Christ to - day.

Chorus.

O my heart! . . Make room for Je - sus, Open now . . . and let him in, Let him
 O my heart! make room for Je - sus now! Open now and let him in, let him in,

Heart, make room for Jesus!—Concluded.

35



in, let him in, O - pen now, and let him in.

Let him in, let him in,

Just Now.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. From heav - en comes an ear - nest call; It comes to - night, it comes to all.
 2. This hour of mer - cy may de - part, And no re - lief for thy poor heart!
 3. The world can - not thy soul re - lieve; The Lord a - lone can sin for-give.

O pay to God thy sol - emn vow! O come to Christ, just now, just now!
 Dear sin - ner in re - pen-tance bow; O come to Christ, just now, just now!
 To - night this Lord as thine a - vow; O come to Christ, just now, just now!

Give Glory to God.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Give glo-ry to God for his won-der-ful love, Down flow-ing to us from the heav-en a-bove,
 2. Give glo-ry to God for the rich-es of grace, The joys of his pres-ence and smiles of his face,
 3. Give glo-ry to God for the gift of his Son, And glo-ry to Je-sus for what he has done,

The love that pro-vid-eth with boun-ti-ful care, For all who his bounty and goodness will share.
 For blessings which he in pro-fu-sion doth send, For mercies and fa-vors that nev-er know end.
 And un-to the Spir-it who seals us for heav'n, Be glo-ry henceforth and for-ev-er-more giv'n.

Chorus.

Give glo-ry to God, Give glo-ry to God for his won-der-ful love, Give
 Give glo-ry to God, . . .

Give Glory to God.—Concluded.

37

glo - ry to God, . . . Give glo - ry to God for his love, for his love.

Give glo - ry to God, for his love.

Abide with me!

T. FRANK ALLEN.

"Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

With feeling.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
 2. I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 3. Hold thou thy Cross be - fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O, a - bide with me!
 Who, like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

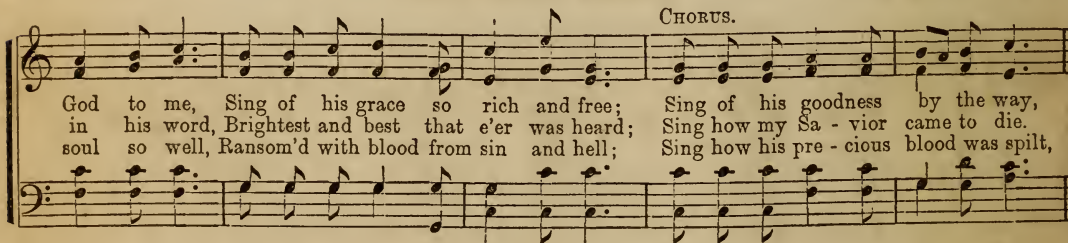
Our Song of Triumph.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR,
SEMI-CHORUS.



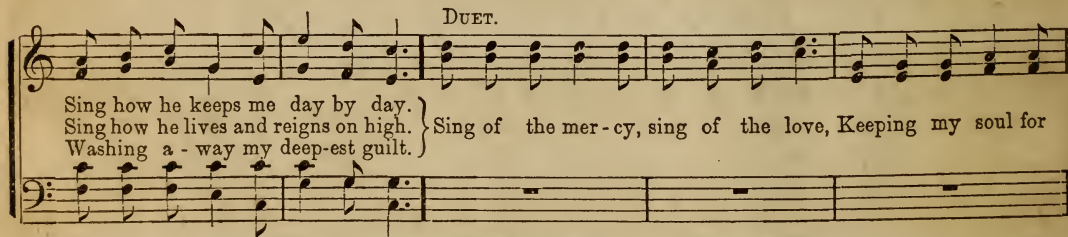
1. March a - long! March a - long! Singing a glad, tri - umph-ant song. Sing of the love of
 2. March a - long! March a - long! Singing a glad, tri - umph-ant song. Sing what he tells me
 3. March a - long! March a - long! Singing a glad, tri - umph-ant song. Sing how he lov'd my

CHORUS.



God to me, Sing of his grace so rich and free; Sing of his goodness by the way,
 in his word, Brightest and best that e'er was heard; Sing how my Sa - vior came to die.
 soul so well, Ransom'd with blood from sin and hell; Sing how his pre - cious blood was spilt,

DUET.

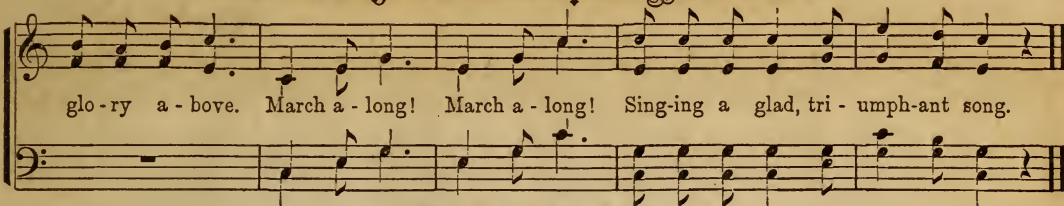


Sing how he keeps me day by day. }
 Sing how he lives and reigns on high. } Sing of the mer - cy, sing of the love, Keeping my soul for
 Washing a - way my deep-est guilt. }

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

Our Song of Triumph.—Concluded.

39



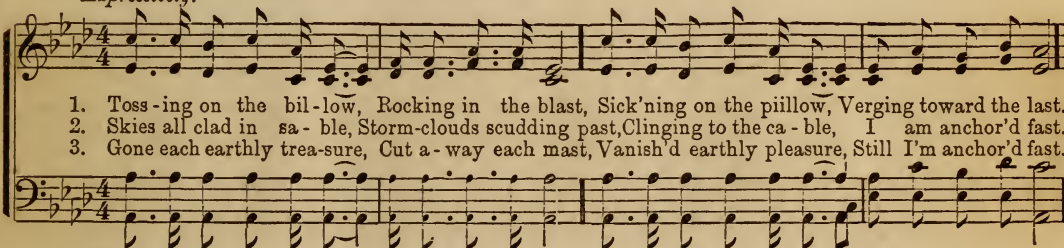
glo-ry a-bove. March a-long! March a-long! Sing-ing a glad, tri-umph-ant song.

Anchored Fast.

Words by Rev. Wm. P. BREED, D. D.

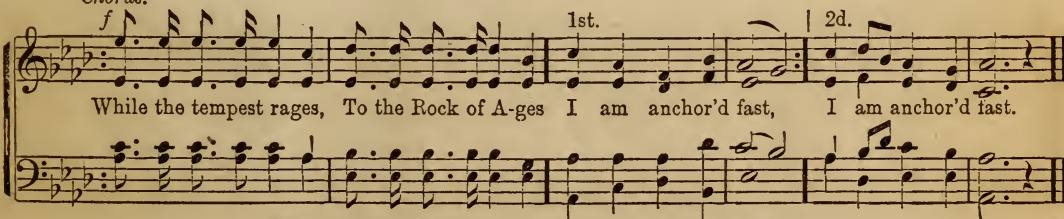
J. E. GOULD.

Expressively.



1. Toss-ing on the bil-low, Rocking in the blast, Sick'ning on the piillow, Verging toward the last.
2. Skies all clad in sa-ble, Storm-clouds scudding past, Clinging to the ca-ble, I am anchor'd fast.
3. Gone each earthly trea-sure, Cut a-way each mast, Vanish'd earthly pleasure, Still I'm anchor'd fast.

Chorus.



f While the tempest rages, To the Rock of A-ges I am anchor'd fast, I am anchor'd fast.

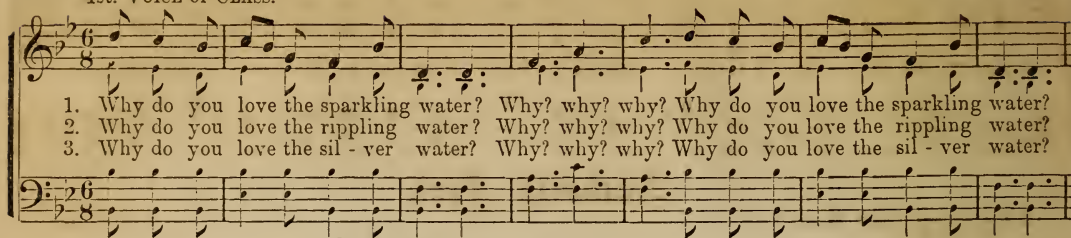
1st. 2d.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

Why do we love the sparkling water.

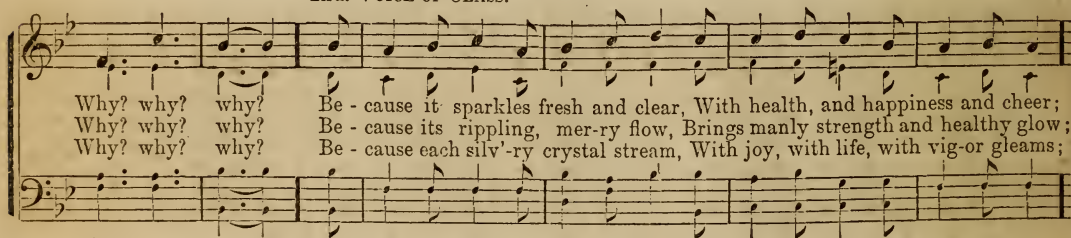
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
1st. VOICE or CLASS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



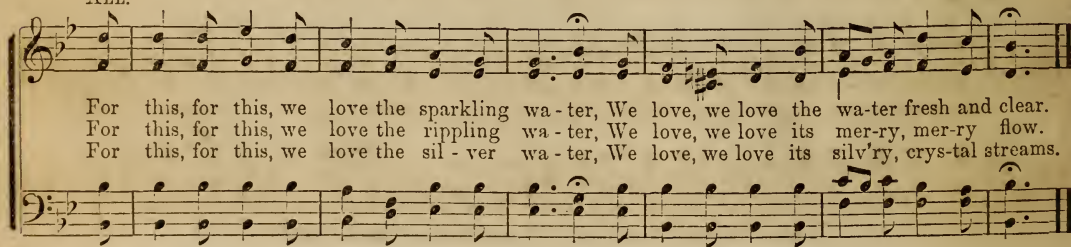
1. Why do you love the sparkling water? Why? why? why? Why do you love the sparkling water?
2. Why do you love the rippling water? Why? why? why? Why do you love the rippling water?
3. Why do you love the sil - ver water? Why? why? why? Why do you love the sil - ver water?

2nd. VOICE or CLASS.



Why? why? why? Be - cause it sparkles fresh and clear, With health, and happiness and cheer;
Why? why? why? Be - cause its rippling, mer-ry flow, Brings manly strength and healthy glow;
Why? why? why? Be - cause each silv'-ry crystal stream, With joy, with life, with vig-or gleams;

ALL.



For this, for this, we love the sparkling wa - ter, We love, we love the wa - ter fresh and clear.
For this, for this, we love the rippling wa - ter, We love, we love its mer-ry, mer-ry flow.
For this, for this, we love the sil - ver wa - ter, We love, we love its silv'-ry, crys-tal streams.

The Beautiful Stream of Life.

41

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is a fair stream that is crys-tal clear, It flows from the Golden Throne, A-down to the earth to

Chorus.

quicken the souls That Je-sus has seal'd his own. Oh! come to this stream, Its
Oh! come to the beau-ti-ful stream of life, And

wa-ters are clear, Come now to this stream of life, 'Tis flowing, 'tis flowing here.
drink of its waters so clear, so clear, Come now to this beautiful stream of life,

2 This stream is the beautiful stream of life,
Its waters are full and free,
It bringeth salvation down to the earth,
Oh brother, it flows for thee.—*Chorus.*

3 O come to this beautiful stream of life,
And drink of its waters clear,
'Tis flowing with healing virtue to-day,
'Tis flowing, 'tis flowing here.—*Chorus.*

The Wonderful Story.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. 'Tis a won - der - ful sto - ry that comes to me, That Je - sus died up - on Cal - va - ry,
 2. 'Tis a won - der - ful Sa - vior they brought to me, He set my soul from its bur - dens free,
 3. 'Tis a won - der - ful Heaven re - veal'd to me, The bril - liant glo - ry by faith I see.

That he left the shin - ing Throne a - bove, To bring me the ful - ness of his love.
 And his love is so ex - ceed - ing sweet, I weep in my rap - ture at his feet.
 And my heart is long - ing to be there The glo - ry and bliss with Christ to share.

Chorus.

O won - der - ful sto - ry! O glo - ry! O glo - ry! My
 O won - der - ful sto - ry! O glo - ry! O glo - ry!

The Wonderful Story.—Concluded.

43

heart is so full of bliss. What joy could be sweet-er than this!...

Departed Ones.

TRIO.—ALTO, TENOR and BASS.

(FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.)

Music by T. FRANK ALLEN.

Adagio.

cres.

dim.

1. Hark to the sol-ern bell, Mournful-ly peal-ing; What do its wailings tell, On the ear stealing?
2. When in their lone-ly beds Lov'd ones are ly-ing, When joyful wings are spread, To heaven flying,
3. No, dearest Je-sus, no! To thee, their Sa-vior. Let their free spir-its go, Ransom'd for-ev-er,

QUARTET.

Rall.


Rit. pp

Seem they not thus to say: Lov'd ones have pass'd away, Ashes with ash-es lay? List to its pealing.
Would we to sin and pain Call back their souls again; Weave round their hearts the chain Sever'd in dying?
They're with the joyous throng, Singing the ransom'd song; They shall thy praise prolong, Ev-er and ev-er.

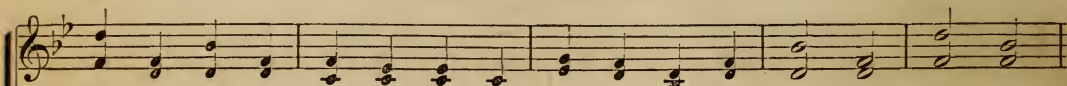
Bells of Joy.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

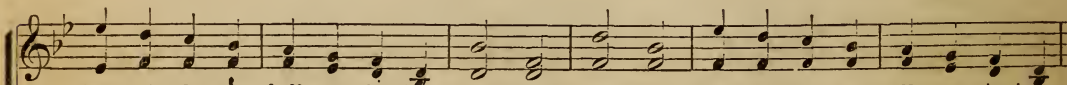
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Bells of Joy! Bells of Joy! They ring up - on the air so sweet - ly, Bells of Joy!
 2. Bells of Joy! Bells of Joy! They ring in tones of pur - est mea - sure, Bells of Joy!
 3. Bells of Joy! Bells of Joy! The strains of glad - ness we are hear - ing, Bells of Joy!



Bells of Joy! They fill the heart with song com - plete - ly, Ring - ing, ring - ing,
 Bells of Joy! They bring to us the rar - est plea - sure, Near - er, near - er,
 Bells of Joy! Their mel - o - dy is rich and cheer - ing! Chim - ing, chim - ing,



Mer - ri - ly the bells are ring - ing; Sing - ing, sing - ing, Cheer - i - ly we all are singing,
 Hark! the sound is drawing near - er; Clear - er, clear - er, Now the tones are growing clearer.
 O the mer - ry, mer - ry chiming; Rhyming, rhym - ing, Floating down in tune - ful rhyming.

Bells of Joy.—Concluded.

45

Hark!

Hark!

Hark!

the bells of Joy.

Hark; the bells of Joy! Hark! the bells of Joy! Hark! the bells of Joy! the bells of Joy.

I Shall Not Want.

REV. DR. DEEMS.

J. H. TENNEY.

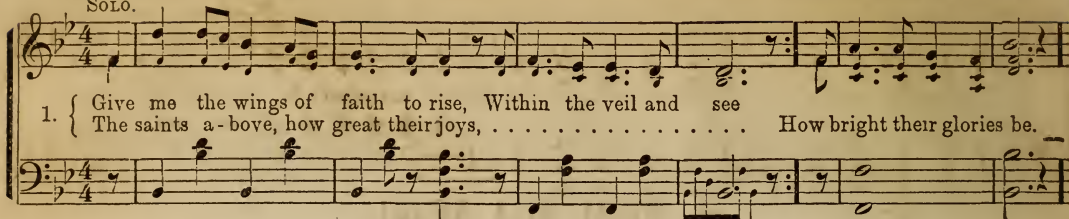
1. *I shall not want:* in des - erts wild Thou spread'st Thy ta - ble for Thy child;
 2. *I shall not want:* my dark - est night Thy lov - ing smile shall fill with light;
 3. *I shall not want:* Thy right - eousness My soul shall clothe with glo - rious dress.
 4. *I shall not want:* what - e'er is good Of dai - ly bread or an - gels food,

While grace in streams for thirsting souls, Thro' earth and heav'n for-ev - er rolls.
 While prom - i - ses a-round me bloom, And cheer me with di-vine per - fume.
 My blood-wash'd robe shall be more fair Than garments kings or an - gels wear.
 Shall to my Fath - er's child be sure, So long as earth and heav'n en - dure.

Calling Us Away.

Arr. from the "Standard Singer."
SOLO.

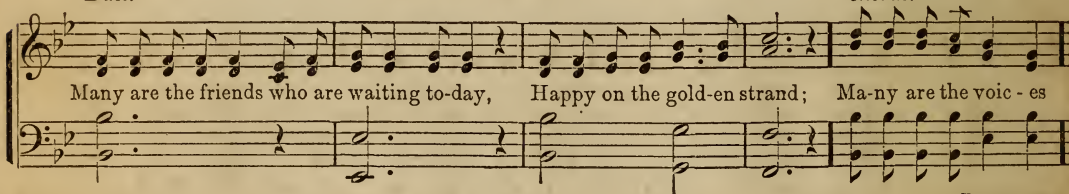
Theme by WALTER KITTRIDGE.



1. { Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the veil and see
The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.

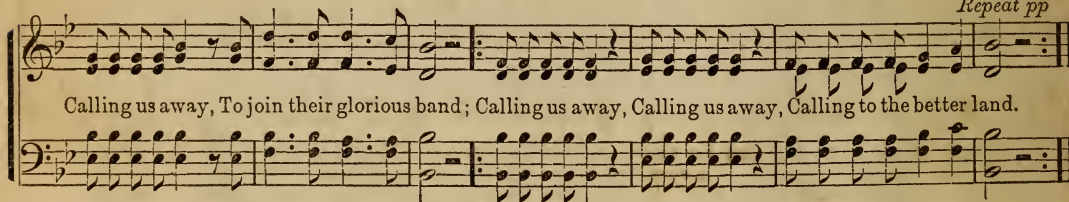
Duct.

Chorus.



Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the gold-en strand; Ma-ny are the voic-es

Repeat pp



Calling us away, To join their glorious band; Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the better land.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

From "Every Sabbath," by per.

The Great Physician.

47

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. SROCKEN, by per.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus: He speaks the drooping

Chorus.

heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus. Sweetest note in ser-aph song,

Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue, Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

Lost!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Mrs. S. M. O. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Out up - on the sur-ging sea of life, Where the wa - ters foam in rage and strife,
 2. Hark! a cry comes o'er the wa - ters wild, O, Lord God! 'Tis thy cre - a - ted child,
 3. 'Mid the waves that dash with an - gry roar, On the surf of the e - ter - nal shore,

On the waves a soul is tem-pest-toss'd, A poor soul is lost, lost, lost!
 On the rag - ing bil - low tem-pest-toss'd, A poor soul is lost, lost, lost!
 Drifts a soul, un - sav'd and tem-pest-toss'd, A poor soul is lost, lost, lost!

*Chorus.**Unison.**Ritard.*

Lost! Lost! Lost! On life's o - cean wide, Lord! send light From the oth - er side.

I Left it All with Jesus.

49

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

ENGLISH.

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go All my sins I brought Him, And my woe.
2. I leave it all with Je - sus Day by day; Faith can firm-ly trust Him, Come what may.
3. Oh, leave it all with Je - sus, Drooping soul! Tell not *half* thy sto - ry, But the whole.

When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper, "Tis for thee, From my heart the Hope has dropp'd her anchor Found her rest In the calm, sure ha - ven Of His breast: Love esteems it Worlds on worlds are hanging On His hand, Life and death are wait-ing His command; Yet His ten-der

bur-den Roll'd a - way—Hap - py day! From my heart the bur-den Roll'd a - way—Happy day!
 heaven To a - bid At His side. Love esteems it heaven To a - bid At His side.
 bosom Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home! Yet His ten-der bo-som Makes *thee* room, Oh, come home.

Sweet Resting By and By.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. We'll lay our heav-y bur-dens down, By and by, By and by, Exchange the cross for the
 2. We'll sing with all the ransom'd there, By and by, By and by, And swell our praise on the
 3. We'll be with Je-sus where he is, By and by, By and by, In a home more brightly

Chorus.

gold-en crown, By and by. There'll be sweet rest-ing By and by,
 balm-y air. By and by.
 fair than this, By and by.

By and by, By and by, Sweet, ... Sweet, ... Rest-ing By and by.
 O how sweet, O how sweet,

All I Yield to Thee.

51

Rev. C. W. L. CHRISTIAN.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, All I yield to Thee; For Thy love so
2. Lord, my will I here pre-sent thee, Now no long-er mine; Let no e-vil
3. Lord, my life I lay be-fore thee, Hear the sa-cred vow! All thine own I

Chorus.

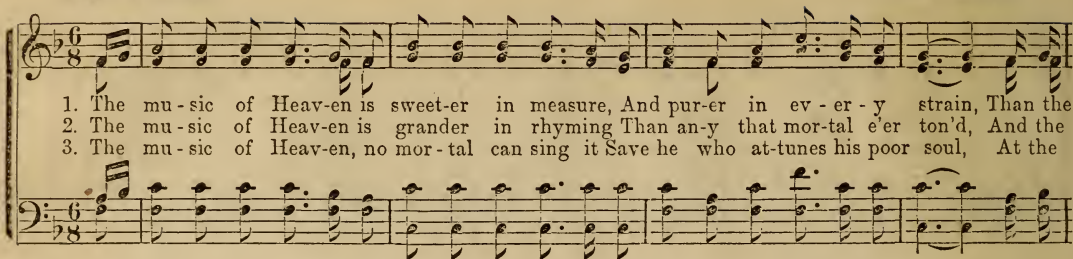
great and ten-der, Claims the gift of me. All I yield to Thee!
thing pre-vent me, Blend-ing it with thine.
now re-store thee, Thine for-ev-er now.

All I yield to Thee! For thy love so great and ten-der, Claims the gift of me.

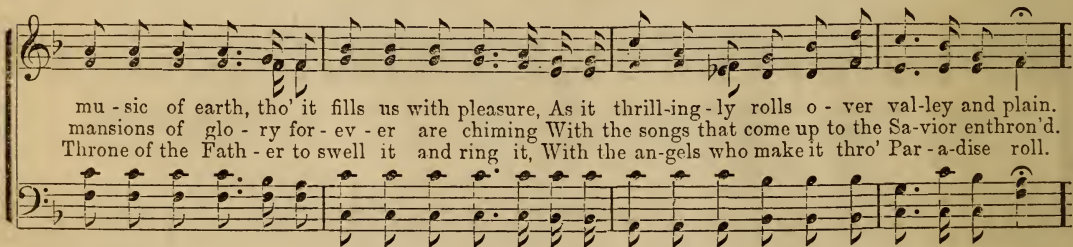
The Music of Heaven.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

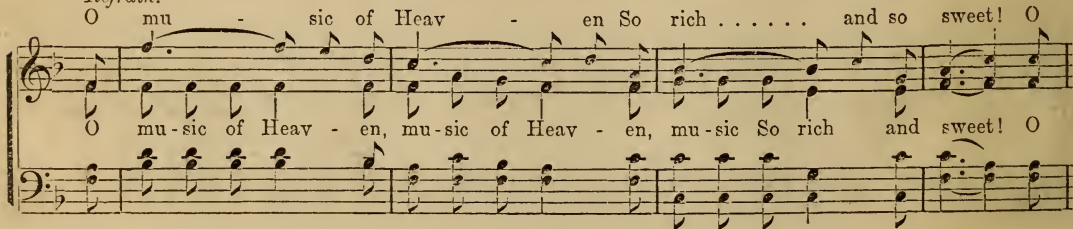


1. The mu-sic of Heav-en is sweet-er in measure, And pur-er in ev-er-y strain, Than the
 2. The mu-sic of Heav-en is grander in rhyming Than an-y that mor-tal e'er ton'd, And the
 3. The mu-sic of Heav-en, no mor-tal can sing it Save he who at-tunes his poor soul, At the



mu-sic of earth, tho' it fills us with pleasure, As it thrill-ing-ly rolls o-ver val-ley and plain.
 mansions of glo-ry for-ev-er are chiming With the songs that come up to the Sa-vior enthron'd.
 Throne of the Fath-er to swell it and ring it, With the an-gels who make it thro' Par-a-dise roll.

Refrain.



O mu - sic of Heav - en So rich and so sweet! O
 O mu-sic of Heav - en, mu-sic of Heav - en, mu-sic So rich and sweet! O

The Music of Heaven.—Concluded.

53

joy it will bring us, So full and com - plete!

joy it will bring us, joy it will bring, En - rap - tur - ing and com - plete.

Come to the Sabbath School.

S. H. BLAKESLEE.

Spirited.

1. Come to the Sabbath School, Come, come, come, Come to the Sabbath School, Come, come, come.
 2. Sing in the Sabbath School, Sing, sing, sing, Sing in the Sabbath School, Sing, sing, sing.
 3. Pray in the Sabbath School, Pray, pray, pray, Pray in the Sabbath School, Pray, pray, pray.

Bells are ringing mer - ri - ly, Trip a - long then cheer - i - ly, Trip a - long then cheerily, Come, come, come.
 Send your echoes to the Throne, God your sac - ri - fice will own, God your sac - ri - fice will own, Sing, sing, sing.
 Pleadings mounting on the air, Reach the God that answers pray'r, Reach the God that answers pray'r, Pray, pray,
 [pray.]

Cheerful Sabbath Day.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

MISS SARAH B. HAGAR.

1. All the earth is bright and fair, Children come, children come! Joy is beaming ev' - ry-where,
 2. In the sky the sunshine gleams, Children come, children come! Ev' - ry heart with gladness teems,
 3. Hark! the bells are ring-ing clear, Children come, children come! Come with spir-its full of cheer,

Refrain.

Come, then, to the house of prayer, To our Sabbath Home. O, the cheerful Sabbath Day!
 Ev' - ry brow with pleasure beams, In our Sabbath Home.
 Come, en-joy the blessings here, In our Sabbath Home.

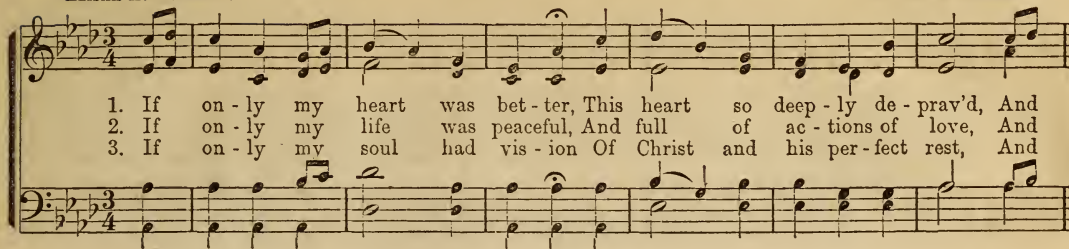
Children come, children come, To the Sunday-School a - way, To our Sabbath Home.

If only my Heart was Better.

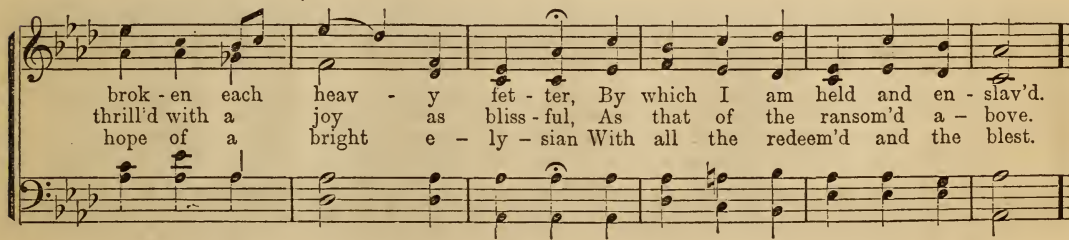
55

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

E. S. LORENZ.

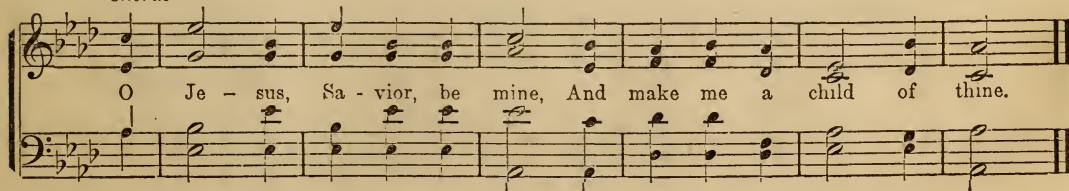


1. If on - ly my heart was bet - ter, This heart so deep - ly de - prav'd, And
2. If on - ly my life was peaceful, And full of ac - tions of love, And
3. If on - ly my soul had vis - ion Of Christ and his per - fect rest, And



brok - en each heav - y fet - ter, By which I am held and en - slav'd.
thrill'd with a joy as bliss - ful, As that of the ransom'd a - bove.
hope of a bright e - ly - sian With all the redeem'd and the blest.

Chorus

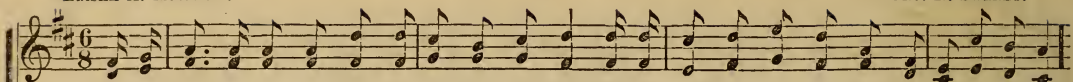


O Je - sus, Sa - vior, be mine, And make me a child of thine.

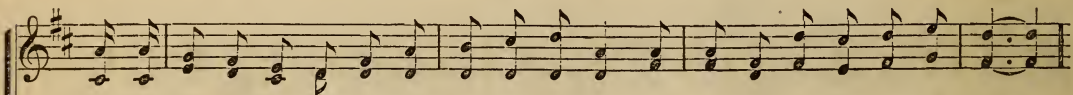
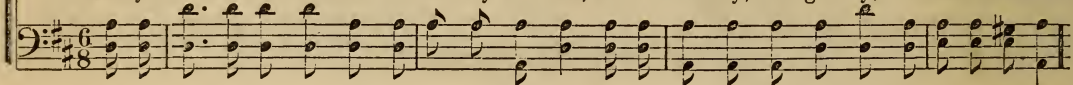
The Valley of Joy and Song.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

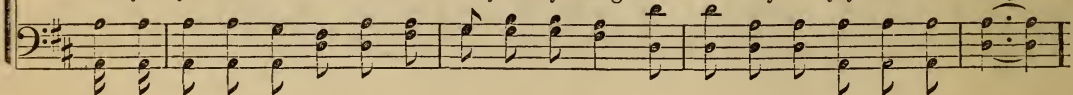
JNO. R. SWENEY.



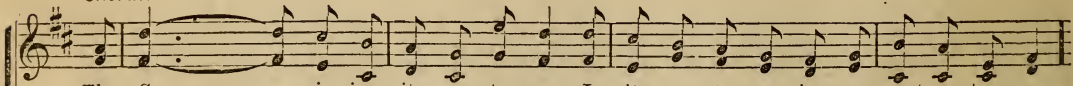
1. There's a beau-ti-ful val-ley of joy and of song, Where the river of peace flows in rippings along,
2. There the breezes are fragrant with precious perfume, There the flowers are cloth'd in per-en-ni-al bloom,
3. In this beau-ti-ful val-ley I wan-der to-day, And no pleasures of earth can al-lure me a-way,
4. Will you come to this beau-ti-ful val-ley with me, And its beau-ty, and glo-ry, and blessedness see?



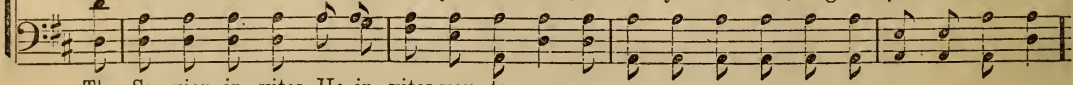
'Tis the val-ley of blessing where Je-sus a-bides, And heav-en-ly ma-na pro-vides.
 And the mu-sic of Heaven is borne on the air, 'Tis joy, O 'tis joy to be there!
 I am walking with Je-sus, and serve him with joy, And ask for no sweet-er em-ploy.
 Will you join with the blood-wash'd who journey along This val-ley of joy and of song?



Chorus.



The Sa - - vior in-vites you to come, In-vites you to come, in green pastures to roam;



The Sa-vior in-vites, He in-vites you to come,

The Valley of Joy and Song.—Concluded.

57

To drink of the wa-ters of peace, That flow from the fountains of bliss.

To drink of the wa-ters,

Where is Heaven?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Mrs. S. M. O. HOFFMAN.

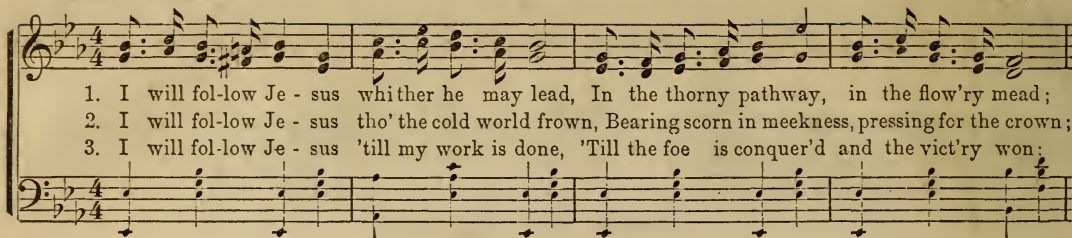
1. Cit - y of peace, place of pure bliss, Where are thy mansions fair? Where are thy homes?
 2. Cit - y a - bove, pal - ace of love, Glorious be - yond com - pare, Where dost thou lie,
 3. Cit - y so bright, bath'd in pure light, Gleaming with glo - ry rare, Where are thy hills?

Thy templed domes? Tell me, O tell me where? Tell me, O tell me where?
 Home up on high? Tell me, O tell me where? Tell me, O tell me where?
 Where thy sweet rills? Tell me, O tell me where? Tell me, O tell me where?

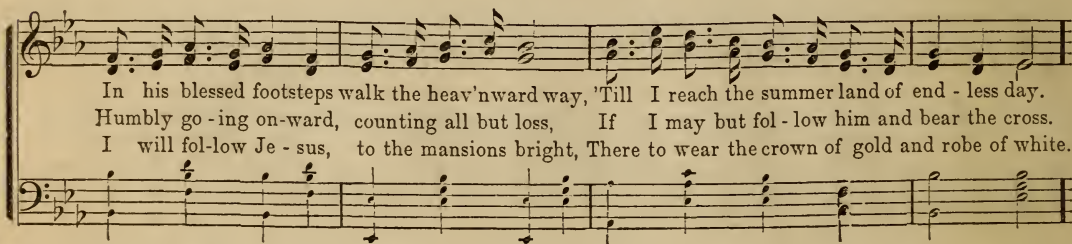
I will Follow Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

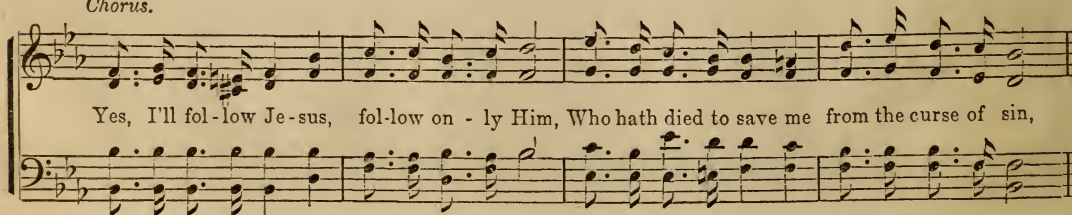


1. I will fol-low Je - sus whither he may lead, In the thorny pathway, in the flow'ry mead;
 2. I will fol-low Je - sus tho' the cold world frown, Bearing scorn in meekness, pressing for the crown;
 3. I will fol-low Je - sus 'till my work is done, 'Till the foe is conquer'd and the vict'ry won;



In his blessed footsteps walk the heav'nward way, 'Till I reach the summer land of end - less day.
 Humbly go - ing on - ward, counting all but loss, If I may but fol - low him and bear the cross.
 I will fol-low Je - sus, to the mansions bright, There to wear the crown of gold and robe of white.

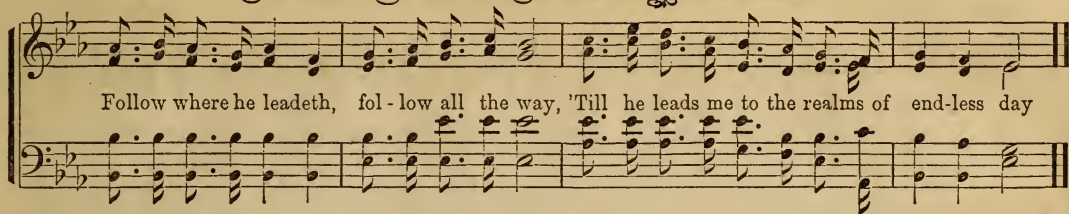
Chorus.



Yes, I'll fol-low Je-sus, fol-low on - ly Him, Who hath died to save me from the curse of sin,

I will Follow Jesus.—Concluded.

59

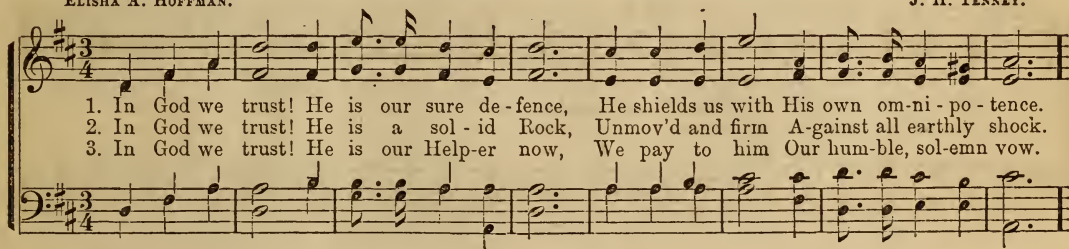


Follow where he lea-eth, fol - low all the way, 'Till he leads me to the realms of end-less day

In God we Trust.

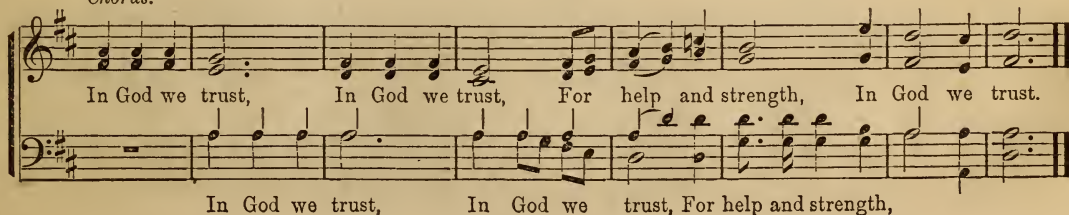
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. In God we trust! He is our sure de-fence, He shields us with His own om-ni-po-tence.
 2. In God we trust! He is a sol-id Rock, Unmov'd and firm A-against all earthly shock.
 3. In God we trust! He is our Help-er now, We pay to him Our hum-ble, sol-emn vow.

Chorus.



In God we trust, In God we trust, For help and strength, In God we trust.

In God we trust, In God we trust, For help and strength,

Better than all, Jesus is there.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Moderato.

ALBERT HOOK.

1. Beau-ti-ful are the streets of gold; Sweeter the joy than can be told; Pure and am-bro-sial
 2. Beau-ti-ful are the forms we love, Roaming the vast domains a - bove; Beau-ti-ful are the
 3. Beau-ti-ful is the gold-en gleam; Beau-ti-ful is life's crystal stream; Beau-ti-ful are the

Chorus.

is the air, But bet-ter than all, Je - sus is there. Je - sus is there, . . . Je - sus is
 robes they wear, But bet-ter than all, Je - sus is there.
 mansions fair, But bet-ter than all, Je - sus is there.

Jesus is there, Jesus is there,
Rit.

there, Je - sus is there . . . Yes, bet-ter than all, Je - sus is there.

Je - sus is there, is there, is there,

Child's Night Song.

61

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A hap - py day a - gain is gone, A qui - et night of rest be - gun, And now I lay my
 2. If I have done a wrong this day, Dear Savior, wash the stain a - way, And come in - to my
 3. I want to live with thee on high, Be - yond the blue and star - ry sky, But know that none can

wea - ry head Up - on the pil - low of my bed. And to the Lord I hum - bly pray, O,
 lit - tle heart, And un - to me thy love im - part. Dear Sa - vior, make me meek and mild, An
 reign a - bove, Who do not give thee all their love. I of - fer all my soul to thee, Dear

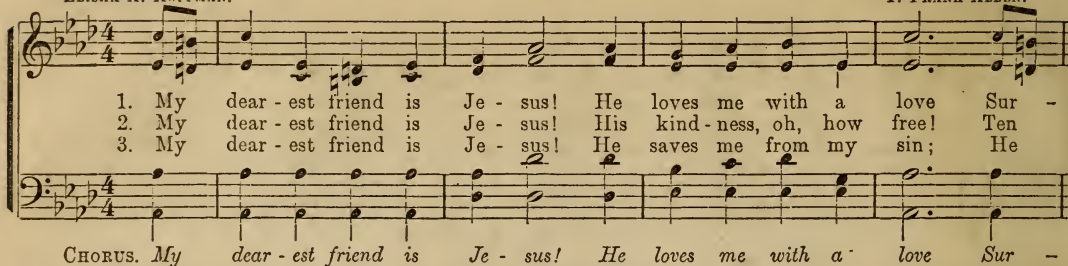
keep me safe 'till dawn of day, O, keep . . . me safe . . . 'till dawn of day.
 hum - ble and o - bedient child, An hum - ble and . . . o - be - dient child.
 Je - sus, give thy - self to me, Dear Je - sus, give thy - self to me.

O keep me safe, O keep me safe 'till dawn of day.
 An hum - ble and, an hum - ble and o - be - dient child.
 Dear Je - sus, give, dear Je - sus, give thy - self to me.

My dearest friend is Jesus.

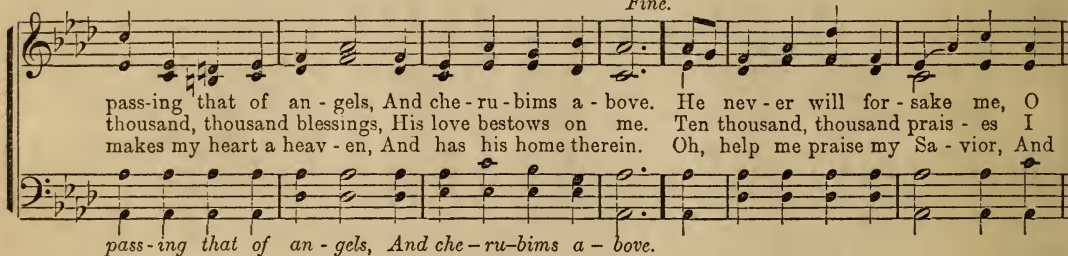
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. FRANK ALLEN.



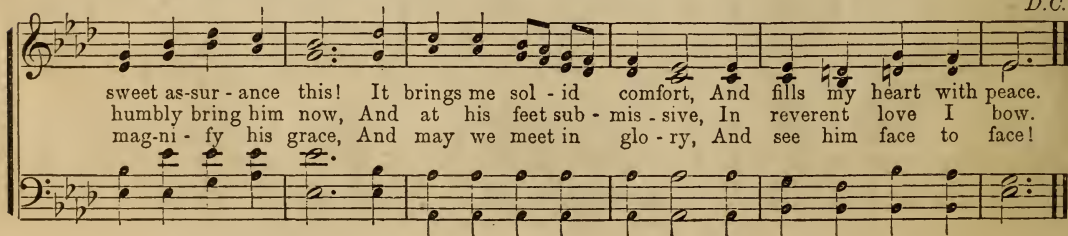
1. My dear - est friend is Je - sus! He loves me with a love Sur -
 2. My dear - est friend is Je - sus! His kind - ness, oh, how free! Ten
 3. My dear - est friend is Je - sus! He saves me from my sin; He

CHORUS. My dear - est friend is Je - sus! He loves me with a love Sur -

Fine.


pass - ing that of an - gels, And che - ru - bims a - bove. He nev - er will for - sake me, O
 thousand, thousand blessings, His love bestows on me. Ten thousand, thousand prais - es I
 makes my heart a heav - en, And has his home therein. Oh, help me praise my Sa - vior, And

pass - ing that of an - gels, And che - ru - bims a - bove.

D.C.


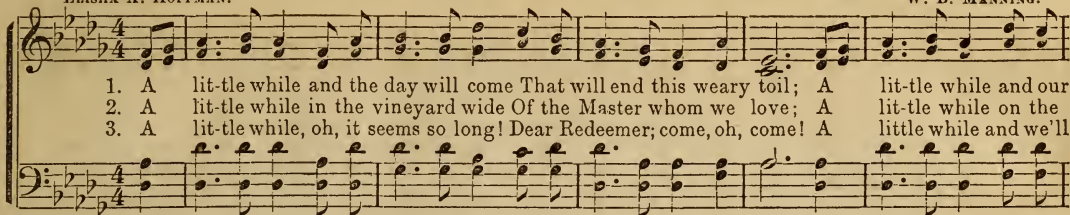
sweet as - sur - ance this! It brings me sol - id comfort, And fills my heart with peace.
 humbly bring him now, And at his feet sub - mis - sive, In reverent love I bow.
 mag - ni - fy his grace, And may we meet in glo - ry, And see him face to face!

A Little While.

63

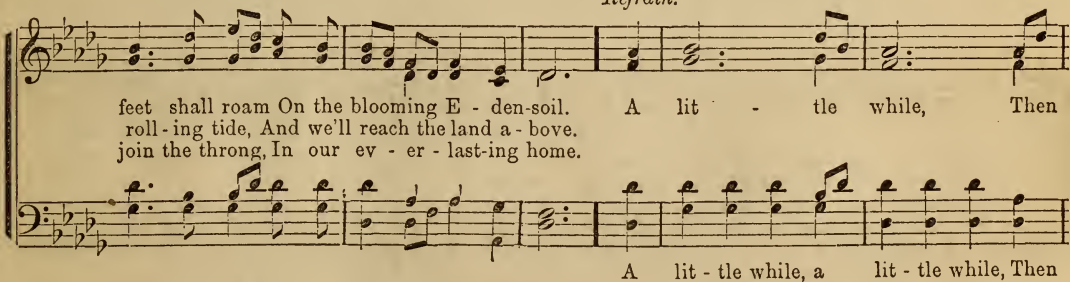
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. B. MANNING.



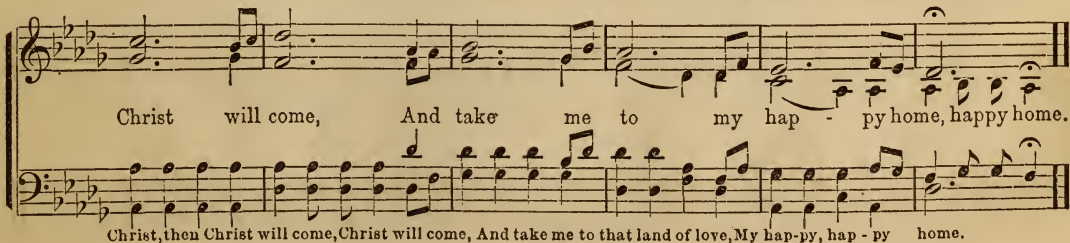
1. A lit-tle while and the day will come That will end this weary toil; A lit-tle while and our
 2. A lit-tle while in the vineyard wide Of the Master whom we love; A lit-tle while on the
 3. A lit-tle while, oh, it seems so long! Dear Redeemer; come, oh, come! A little while and we'll

Refrain.



feet shall roam On the blooming E - den-soil. A lit - tle while, Then
 roll - ing tide, And we'll reach the land a - bove.
 join the throng, In our ev - er - last - ing home.

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, Then



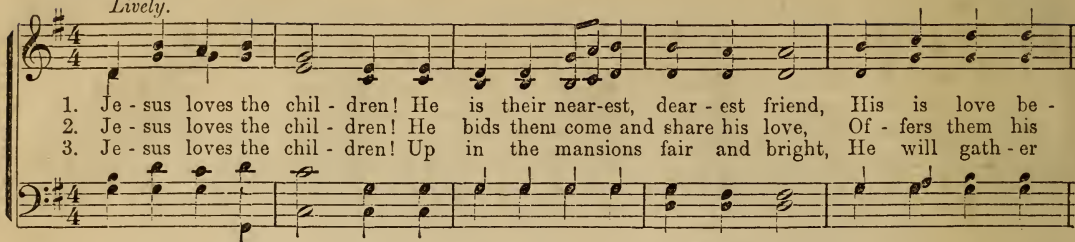
Christ will come, And take me to my hap - py home, happy home.

Christ, then Christ will come, Christ will come, And take me to that land of love, My hap - py, hap - py home.

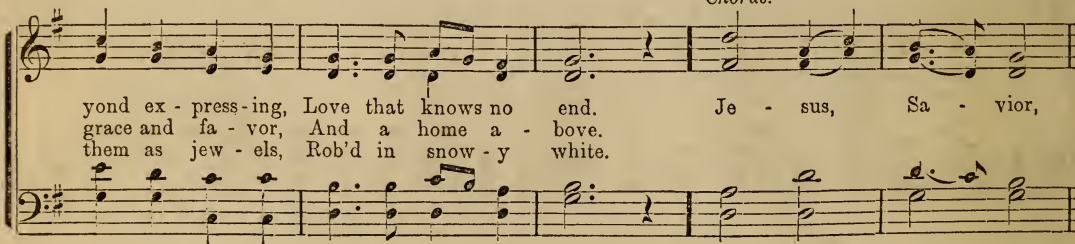
Jesus Loves the Children.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

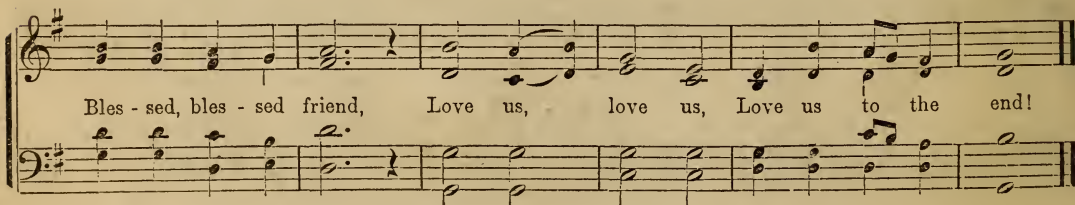
D. F. HODGES.

Lively.


1. Je - sus loves the chil - dren! He is their near-est, dear - est friend, His is love be -
 2. Je - sus loves the chil - dren! He bids them come and share his love, Of - fers them his
 3. Je - sus loves the chil - dren! Up in the mansions fair and bright, He will gath - er

Chorus.


yond ex - press - ing, Love that knows no end. Je - sus, Sa - vior,
 grace and fa - vor, And a home a - bove.
 them as jew - els, Rob'd in snow - y white.

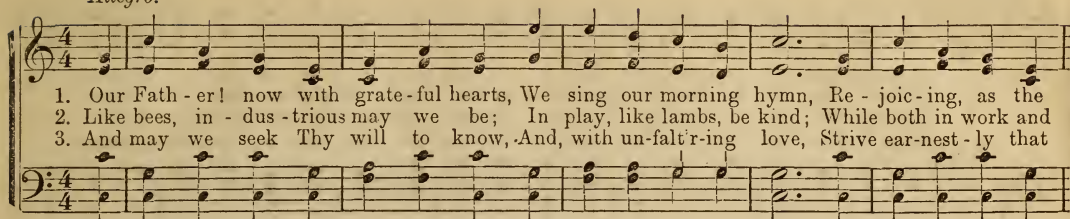


Bles - sed, bles - sed friend, Love us, love us, Love us to the end!

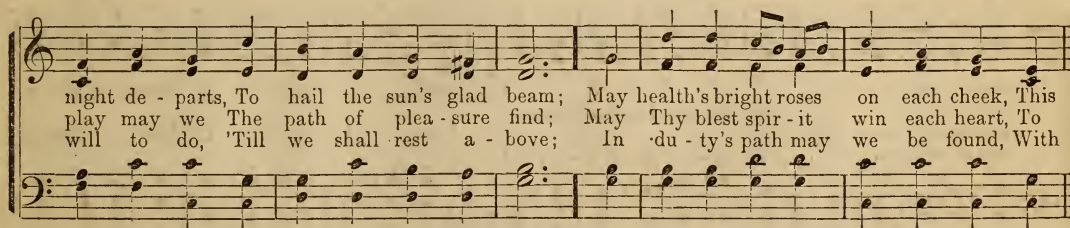
Our Father! Now with Grateful Hearts.

65

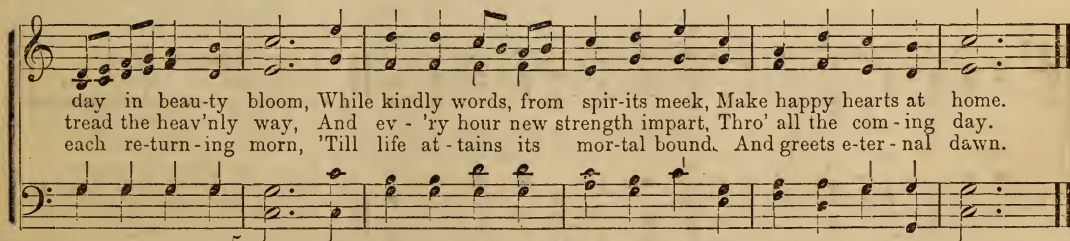
J. H. TENNEY.

Allegro.

1. Our Fath-er! now with grate-ful hearts, We sing our morning hymn, Re-joic-ing, as the
2. Like bees, in-dus-trious may we be; In play, like lambs, be kind; While both in work and
3. And may we seek Thy will to know, And, with un-falr-ing love, Strive ear-nest-ly that



night de-parts, To hail the sun's glad beam; May health's bright roses on each cheek, This
play may we The path of plea-sure find; May Thy blest spir-it win each heart, To
will to do, 'Till we shall rest a-bove; In 'du-ty's path may we be found, With

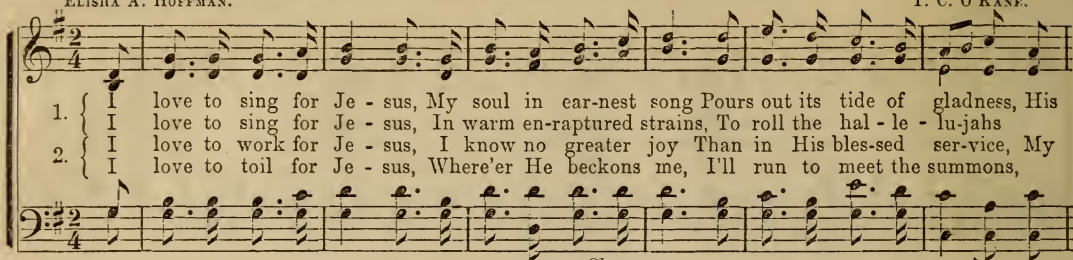


day in beau-ty bloom, While kindly words, from spir-its meek, Make happy hearts at home.
tread the heav'nly way, And ev-'ry hour new strength impart, Thro' all the com-ing day.
each re-turn-ing morn, 'Till life at-tains its mor-tal bound. And greets e-ter-nal dawn.

I Love to Sing for Jesus.

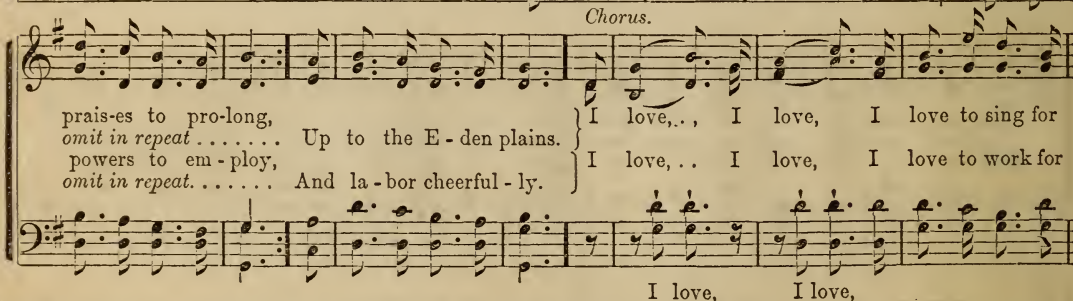
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. { I love to sing for Je - sus, My soul in ear-nest song Pours out its tide of gladness, His
I love to sing for Je - sus, In warm en-raptured strains, To roll the hal - le - lu-jahs
2. { I love to work for Je - sus, I know no greater joy Than in His bles-sed ser-vice, My
I love to toil for Je - sus, Where'er He beckons me, I'll run to meet the summons,

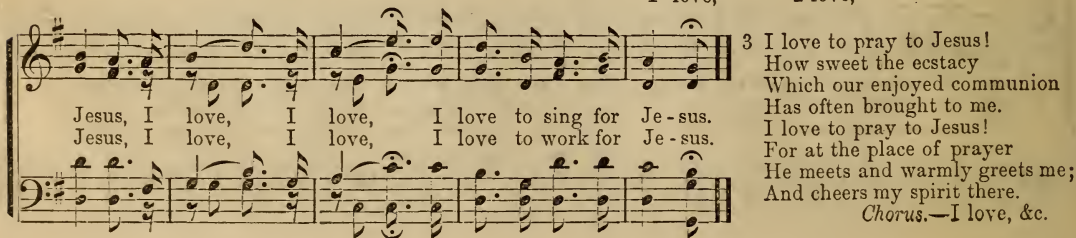
Chorus.



prais-es to pro-long,
omit in repeat Up to the E - den plains.
powers to em-ploy,
omit in repeat. And la-bor cheerful - ly.

I love, . . I love, I love to sing for
I love, . . I love, I love to work for

I love, I love,



Jesus, I love, I love, I love to sing for Je - sus.
Jesus, I love, I love, I love to work for Je - sus.

3 I love to pray to Jesus!
How sweet the ecstasy
Which our enjoyed communion
Has often brought to me.
I love to pray to Jesus!
For at the place of prayer
He meets and warmly greets me;
And cheers my spirit there.
Chorus.—I love, &c.

Consecration.

67

MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. My bod-y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus I give to Thee, A con - se - cra - ted
2. O Je - sus, mighty Sa - vior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal -

Chorus.
off - 'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be . . . My all is on the Al - tar, I'm
va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.

wait - ing for the fire, Wait ing, wait ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

3 O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.—*Cho.*

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—*Cho.*

The Whole Armor.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Gird on the ar-mor, broth-er, March to the field of strife; Stand for the dear Re-
 2. Gird on the ar-mor, broth-er, Val-liant-ly fight to-day; Stand for the Lord your
 3. Gird on the ar-mor, broth-er, Je-sus will lead you on, Nev-er give o'er the

Chorus.

deem - er, Though it should cost thy life.
 Mas - ter, Soon we shall gain the day. O, gird on the ar - mor, Stand for the Lord,
 bat - tle, Un - til the vic-t'ry's won.

Follow your captain's command,

Follow your captain's, your captain's command, Safely he'll lead, when the conflicts o'er into the better land.

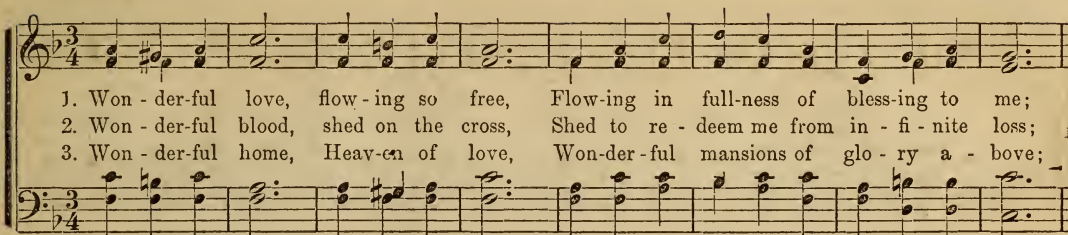
Follow your captain's command,

This was the Cost, Jesus was Slain.

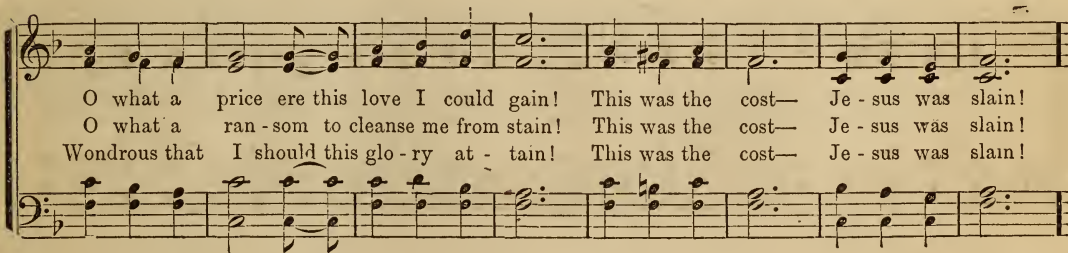
69

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

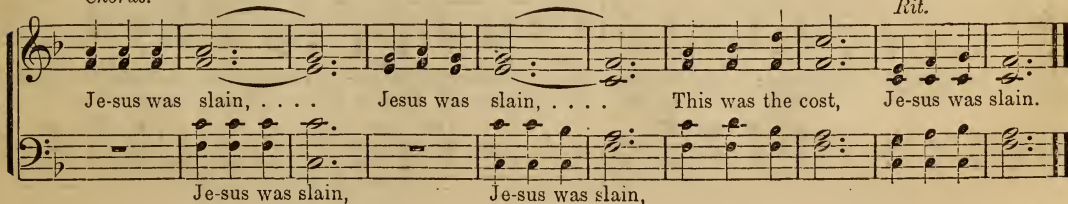
W. H. BURGETT.



1. Won - der-ful love, flow - ing so free, Flow - ing in full - ness of bless - ing to me;
2. Won - der-ful blood, shed on the cross, Shed to re - deem me from in - fi - nite loss;
3. Won - der-ful home, Heav - en of love, Won - der-ful mansions of glo - ry a - bove;



O what a price ere this love I could gain! This was the cost— Je - sus was slain!
O what a ran - som to cleanse me from stain! This was the cost— Je - sus was slain!
Wondrous that I should this glo - ry at - tain! This was the cost— Je - sus was slain!

*Chorus.**Rit.*

Je - sus was slain, . . . Jesus was slain, . . . This was the cost, Je - sus was slain.
Je - sus was slain, Je - sus was slain,

Rest in the Arms of Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by W. B. MANNING.

1. Of - ten when my heart is wea - ry, And in lone-ness I des - pond, Then I
 2. I have had my hours of plea - sure, I have had my hours of pain, Life has

turn from earth, un-cheer-y, To the land that lies be-yond; To the home of shin-ing
 of - ten brought me treasure, But its joys do not re-main; They are fleet - ing as the

an - gels, To the man - sions of the blest, Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the
 shadow, They are van - i - ty at best; On - ly Heav'n has joys e - ter - nal, On - ly

Rest in the Arms of Jesus.—Concluded.

71

Refrain.

wea - ry are at rest. Ma - ny cares have here oppress'd me, They soon shall
there I'll find my rest. Ma - ny cares have here op - press'd me,

cease; O - ver there His arms will rest me, And all will be peace.

O - ver there His arms will rest me, And all will be peace.

Salem. S. M.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief, Burst forth from
[ev'ry eye.]

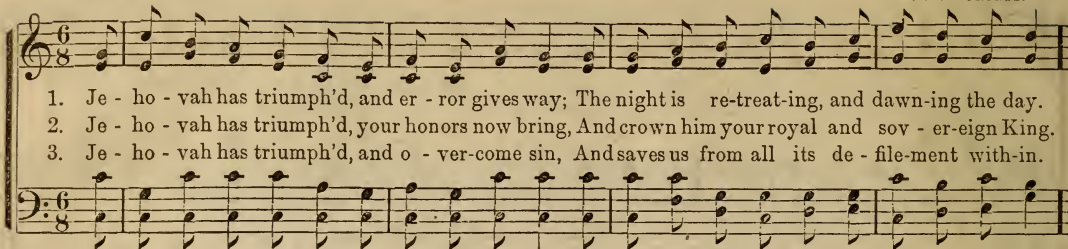
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found
And weeping is not there.

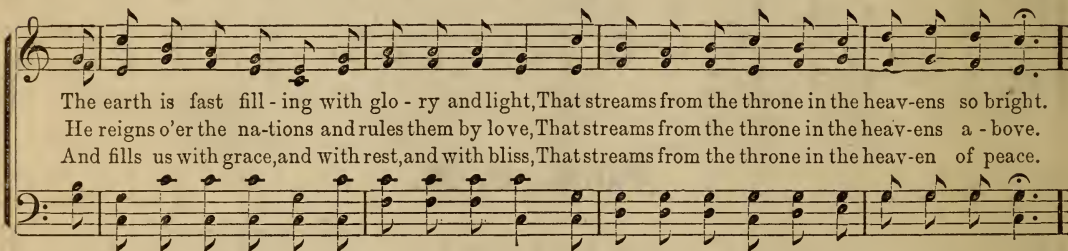
Join in full Chorus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

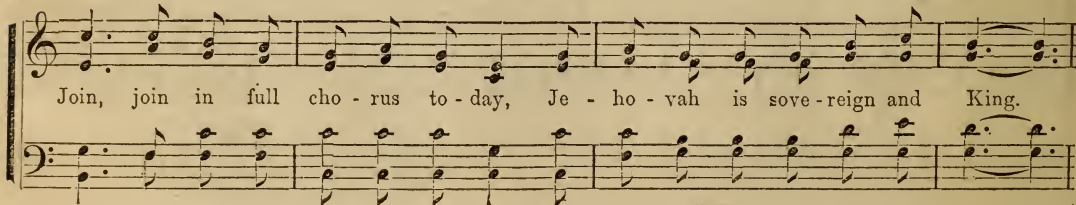
W. H. BURGETT.



1. Je - ho - vah has triumph'd, and er - ror gives way; The night is re-treat-ing, and dawn-ing the day.
 2. Je - ho - vah has triumph'd, your honors now bring, And crown him your royal and sov - er-eign King.
 3. Je - ho - vah has triumph'd, and o - ver-come sin, And saves us from all its de - file-ment with-in.



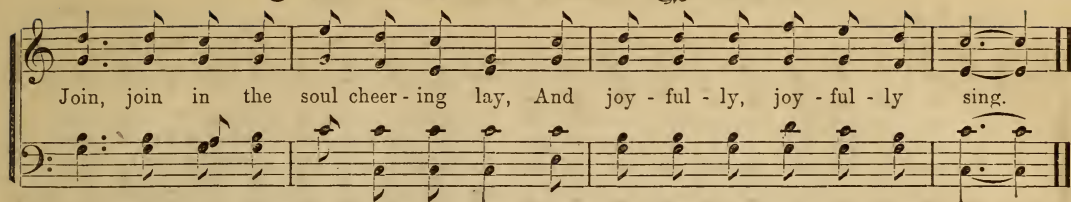
The earth is fast fill-ing with glo - ry and light, That streams from the throne in the heav-ens so bright.
 He reigns o'er the na-tions and rules them by love, That streams from the throne in the heav-ens a - bove.
 And fills us with grace, and with rest, and with bliss, That streams from the throne in the heav-en of peace.

Chorus.


Join, join in full cho - rus to - day, Je - ho - vah is sove-reign and King.

Join in full Chorus.—Concluded.

73

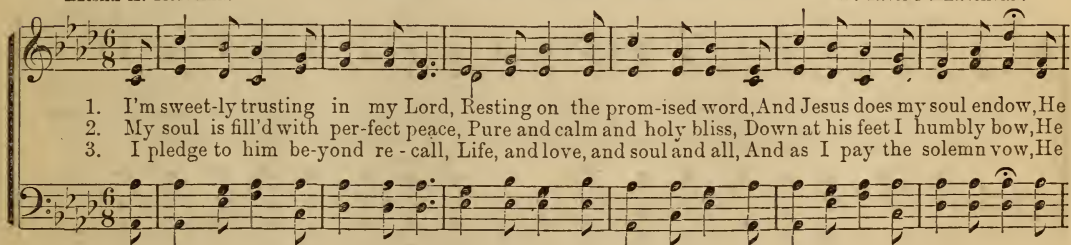


Join, join in the soul cheer-ing lay, And joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly sing.

He Saves me Now.

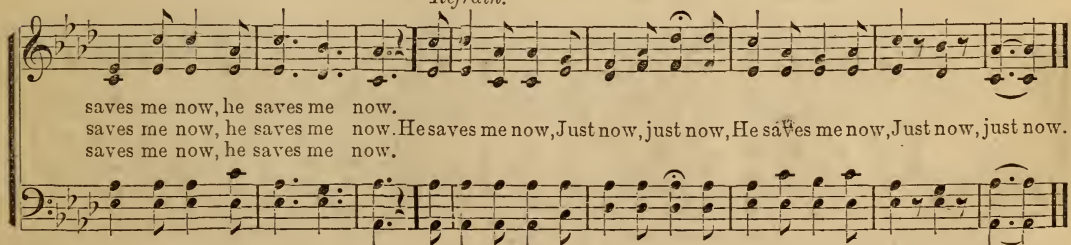
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



1. I'm sweet-ly trusting in my Lord, Resting on the prom-ised word, And Jesus does my soul endow, He
2. My soul is fill'd with per-fect peace, Pure and calm and holy bliss, Down at his feet I humbly bow, He
3. I pledge to him be-yond re-call, Life, and love, and soul and all, And as I pay the solemn vow, He

Refrain.

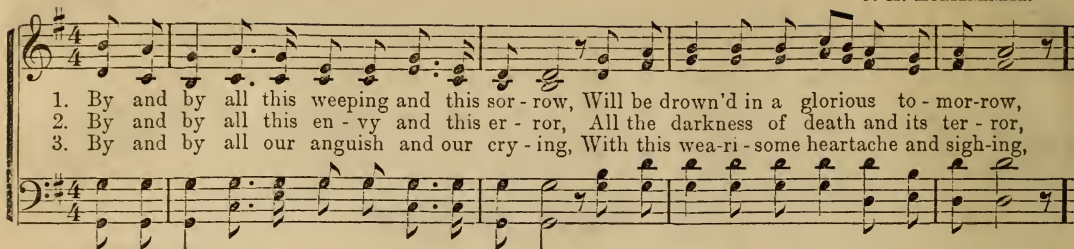


saves me now, he saves me now.
 saves me now, he saves me now. He saves me now, Just now, just now, He saves me now, Just now, just now.
 saves me now, he saves me now.

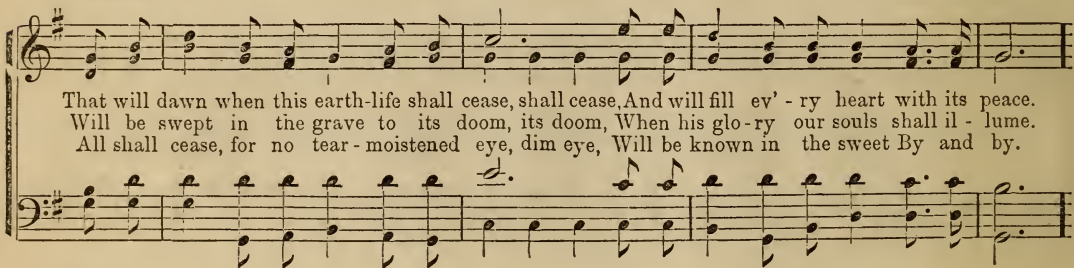
In the sweet By and By.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

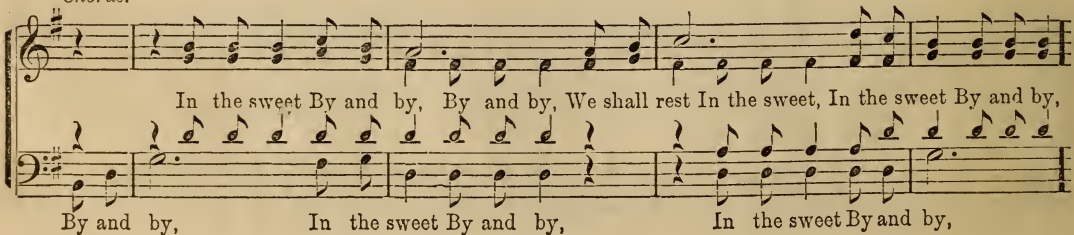
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. By and by all this weeping and this sor-row, Will be drown'd in a glorious to-mor-row,
 2. By and by all this en-vy and this er-ror, All the darkness of death and its ter-ror,
 3. By and by all our anguish and our cry-ing, With this wea-ri-some heartache and sigh-ing,



That will dawn when this earth-life shall cease, shall cease, And will fill ev'-ry heart with its peace.
 Will be swept in the grave to its doom, its doom, When his glo-ry our souls shall il-lume.
 All shall cease, for no tear-moistened eye, dim eye, Will be known in the sweet By and by.

Chorus.


In the sweet By and by, By and by, We shall rest In the sweet, In the sweet By and by,
 By and by, In the sweet By and by, In the sweet By and by,

In the sweet By and By.—Concluded.

75

Musical score for the song 'In the sweet By and By'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

In the sweet By and by, By and by, We shall rest In the sweet, By and by,
By and by, In the sweet By and by,

Praise! Praise! Praise!

ALFRED TAYLOR.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. by per.

Musical score for the song 'Praise! Praise! Praise!'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is more rhythmic and energetic than the first song, with lyrics written below the notes.

1. Shout! shout! shout! Ring His prais - es out, Sing the praise of Je - sus' glo - ry;
2. Sing! sing! sing! Make the ech - oes ring! Sing in glad and joy - ful cho - rus
3. Praise! praise! praise! Grate - ful an - thems raise! Glad - ly tell the wondrous sto - ry

Tell the ev - er pre - cious sto - ry; Tell what Christ hath done, God's be - lov - ed Son.
Of the Lord who reigneth o'er us; Je - sus, migh - ty King,— Loud His prais - es ring!
Of the Lord of life and glo - ry! Ev - er - more the same; Ev - er - bles - sed name!

There's a Safe Retreat.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. There's a safe re - treat from the shafts of sin, And I hide my trembling heart therein; In the
 2. There's a safe re - treat from the tempter's snare, And I hide my - self se - cure - ly there; In the
 3. There's a safe re - treat from the fear of death, And I hide me there in silenc'd breath, 'Till the

Chorus. O place of

wounded side of my bles - sed Lord, While I rest up - on His Word. O place of peace, O
 o - pen'd cleft of my Sa - vior's side, Where no e - vil can be - tide.
 strug - gle ends, and I safe - ly stand On the shore of Heav - en's land.

Peace, O place of Rest, In

place of peace, O place of rest, O place of rest, The wound in my Re - deemer's breast, In

There's a Safe Retreat.—Concluded.

77

thy cleft side, Where-in I hide,

thy cleft side, In thy cleft side, Wherein I hide, wherein I hide, No e - vil can my soul be - tide.

I love the Sabbath School.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Unison.

Chorus.

EMMA L. JOHNSON.

1. I love the hap-py Sab-bath school, And why? and why? 'Tis there I learn the Gold-en Rule,
2. I love the hap-py Sab-bath school, And why? and why? Be-cause I meet my teachers there,

Unison.

Chorus.

And how to live and how to die, For this I love the Sab-bath school, The happy, happy Sabbath school.
And join them in the voice of prayer, For this I love the Sab-bath school, The happy, happy Sabbath school.

Save my Children.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. B. MANNING.

1. In heav'n with-out my chil - dren, O no it can - not be! The thought is too dis-
 2. In heav'n with-out my chil - dren, O no it must not be! Dear Sa- vior in my
 3. In heav'n with-out my chil - dren, It can - not, must not be! I want them in the

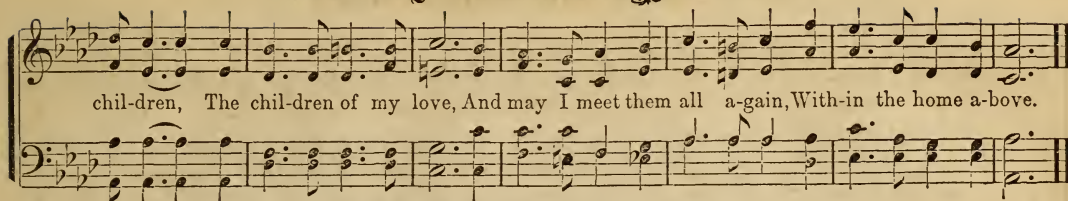
treß - ing, My Lord I plead with Thee, My Lord I plead with Thee; To
 an - gush, I bring them un - to Thee, I bring them un - to Thee; Oh!
 king - dom, To wear a crown with me, To wear a crown with me; Oh!

ff Refrain.

save the chil-dren of my love, . . That they may live with me a - bove. O Jesus! save my
 save the chil-dren of my heart, . . That they may share in heav'n a - part.
 save the chil-dren of my care, . . That I may meet them o - ver there.

Save my Children.—Concluded.

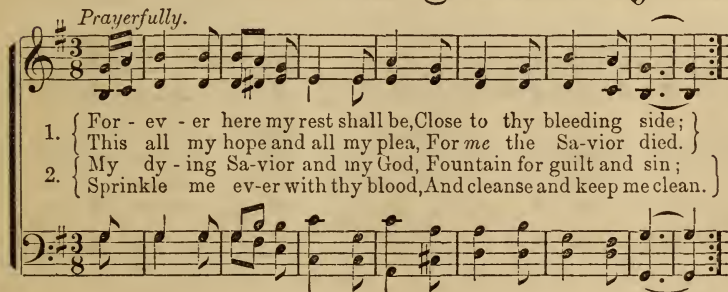
79



chil-dren, The chil-dren of my love, And may I meet them all a-gain, With-in the home a-bove.

The All-Cleansing Tide.

Prayerfully.



1. { For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; }
This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sa-vior died.
2. { My dy-ing Sa-vior and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin; }
Sprinkle me ev-er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

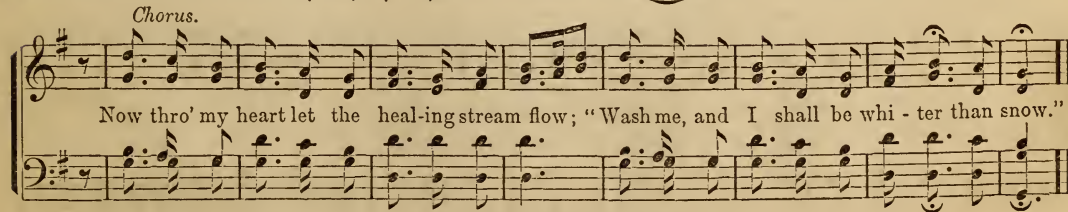
3. Wash me and make me thus thine own.

Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.
Now through, etc.

4. The atonement of thy blood ap-
ply,

Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.
Now through, etc.

Chorus.



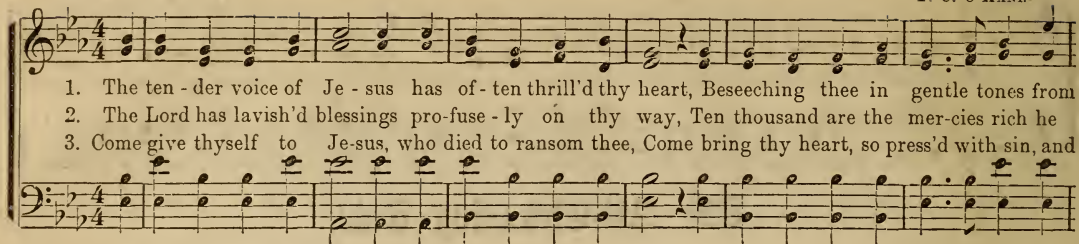
Now thro' my heart let the heal-ing stream flow; "Wash me, and I shall be whi - ter than snow."

From "Every Sabbath," by per.

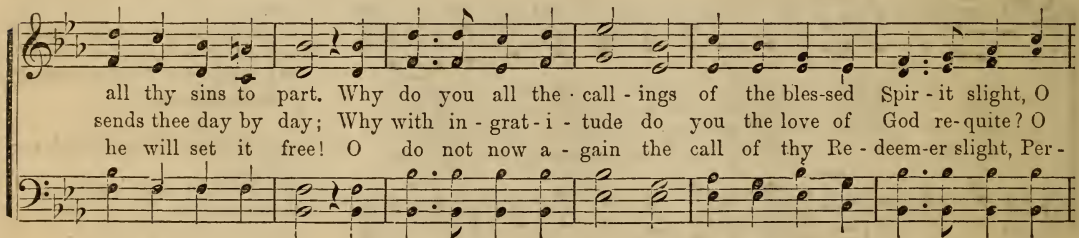
Why still Unsaved to-night?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

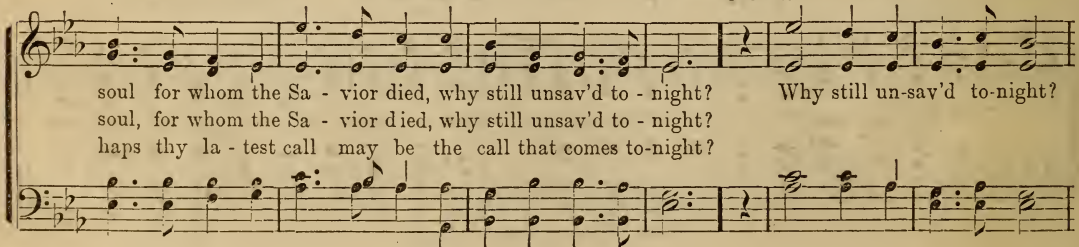
T. C. O'KANE.



1. The ten - der voice of Je - sus has of - ten thrill'd thy heart, Beseeching thee in gentle tones from
 2. The Lord has lavish'd blessings pro-fuse - ly on thy way, Ten thousand are the mer-cies rich he
 3. Come give thyself to Je-sus, who died to ransom thee, Come bring thy heart, so press'd with sin, and



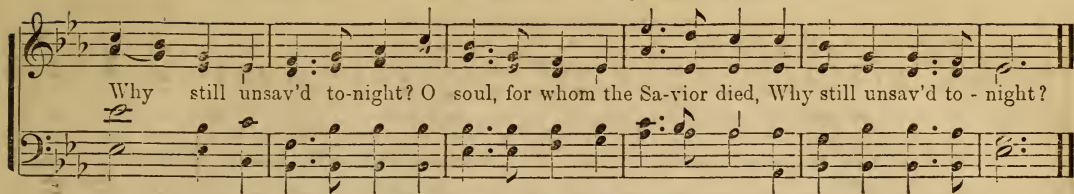
all thy sins to part. Why do you all the - call - ings of the bles-sed Spir - it slight, O
 sends thee day by day; Why with in - grat - i - tude do you the love of God re-quite? O
 he will set it free! O do not now a - gain the call of thy Re - deem-er slight, Per -

Chorus.


soul for whom the Sa - vior died, why still unsav'd to - night? Why still un-sav'd to-night?
 soul, for whom the Sa - vior died, why still unsav'd to - night?
 haps thy la - test call may be the call that comes to-night?

Why still Unsav'd to-night.—Concluded.

81

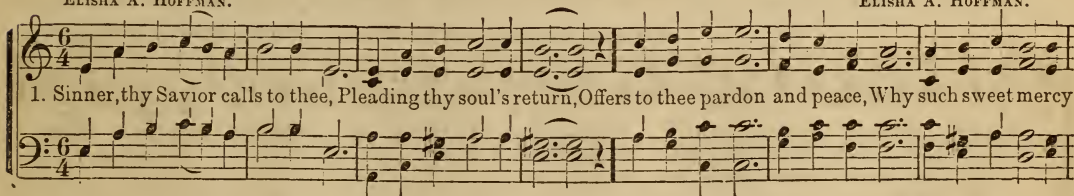


Why still unsav'd to-night? O soul, for whom the Sa-vior died, Why still unsav'd to - night?

Sinner, be Saved.

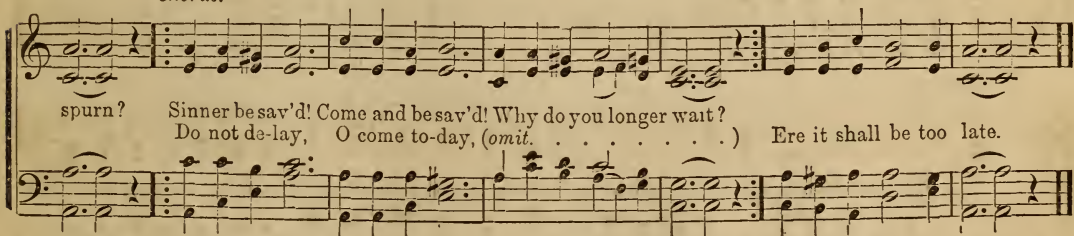
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Sinner, thy Savior calls to thee, Pleading thy soul's return, Offers to thee pardon and peace, Why such sweet mercy

Chorus.



spurn? Sinner besav'd! Come and besav'd! Why do you longer wait?
Do not de-lay, O come to-day, (omit.) Ere it shall be too late.

2 Sinner, the holy Spirit woos,
Turn not unmoved away;
Do not His call lightly refuse,
Come and be saved to-day—Cho. 6

3. Sinner, O hear this latest call,
Enter sweet mercy's gate;
Down at His feet, penitent, fall
Ere it shall be too late.—Cho.

Hear the Angels.

T. C. O'KANE.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

1. Ho - ly an - gels in their flight, Trav - el o - ver earth and sky, Acts of kind - ness their de -
 2. Tho' their forms we can - not see, They at - tend and guard our way, Till we join their com - pa -
 3. Had we but an an - gel's wing, And an an - gel heart of flame, Oh, how sweet - ly would we

Interlude—to be played very softly on the organ, or sung by a quartet in an adjoining room.

light, Winged with mercy as they fly. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
 ny, In the fields of heav'nly day. Ju - bi - la - te, etc.
 sing, Thro' the world the Savior's name. Ju - bi - la - te, etc.

Chorus.

Coming, Coming,
 Don't you hear the angels, Over hill and plain, Hear the an - gels com - ing, With sweet music in their train?

From "Every Sabbath," by per.

Hear the Angels.—Concluded.

83

Coming,
Yes, we hear the an-gels From their heav'nly home, Hear the angels singing as they come.

Over There. 8, 7. (DOUBLE.)

Words by H. T. B.
DUETT.

(MISSIONARY.)
ALL.

CHO.
J. E. GOULD.

1. { Do the chil-dren know of Je - sus, O - ver there, O - ver there? } Ah! they know not of the
Have they heard re-demp-tion's sto - ry, O - ver there, O - ver there?

Sa - vior, Of his wondrous love and care; Still they sit in heathen darkness, Without Je - sus O - ver there.

2 Do the children pray to Jesus,
Over there, over there?
Do they seek his kind protection,
Over there, over there?—CHO.

3 Do the children sing of Jesus,
Over there, over there?
Do they chant his praises ever,
Over there, over there?—CHO.

4 Do the children live for Jesus,
Over there, over there?
Do they love the precious Savior,
Over there, over there?—CHO.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

Christmas Tree Song.

W. B. MANNING.

W. B. MANNING.

Santa Claus should enter at the close of the second verse.

1. O Santa Claus, Santa Claus, Christmas is here! The child-ren are gath-er'd from far and from near. The
 2. O Santa Claus, Santa Claus, come in to-night! Our hands fill with presents, our hearts with delight. We've
 3. O Santa Claus, Santa Claus, how-do-you do? It makes us all joy-ful and glad to see you, Be-

Christmas tree's rea-dy, we're wait-ing for you To come with your jol-ly old face in - to view.
 tried to be good children all the year thro', Be-cause on-ly such can get presents from you.
 cause we are sure that wher-ev - er you go, The children a right mer-ry Christmas shall know.

Chorus. (Movement in imitation of Horses galloping.)

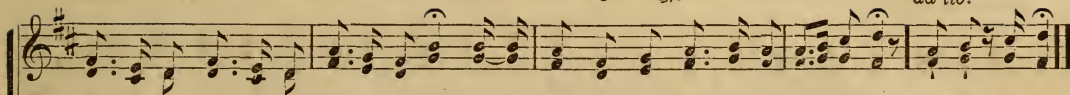
O San - ta Claus, San - ta Claus, mer-ry and gay! Come with your beau-ti-ful presents this way,

for 3dv. Old San - ta Claus, San - ta Claus, mer-ry and gay! Has come with his beau-ti-ful presents this way, The

Christmas Tree Song.—Concluded.

85

ad lib.



Come with your backload of trinkets and toys, Christmas presents for good little girls and boys. (*omit.*)

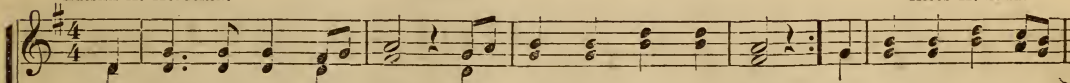


jol - li - est old gen - tle - man ev - er you saw, Three cheers for old San - ta Claus, (*omit. . .*) One grand hurrah!

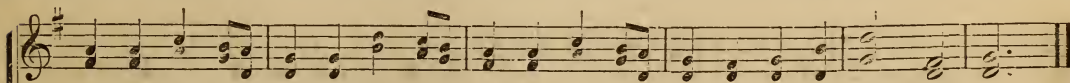
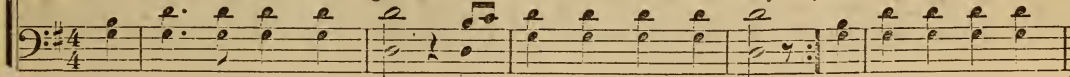
Dear Father, ere we Part.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

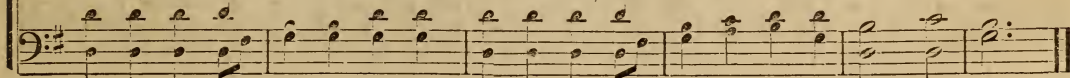
AMOS H. SELL.



- | | | | | | |
|----|---|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| 1. | { | Dear Fath - er, ere we part, | Now let thy grace de - scend, | } | May show'rs of blessings |
| | | And fill each youth - ful heart | With peace from Christ, our friend, | | |
| 2. | { | And when our spir - its leave | These ten - e - ments of clay, | } | To join with par - ents, |
| | | May they to God who gave | As - cend in end - less day, | | |



from a - bove De - scend and fill our hearts with love, De - scend and fill our hearts with love.
teachers, friends, That anthem sweet which nev - er ends, That an - them sweet which never ends.



I am Redeemed.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I am redeem'd! The Lord, my Sa-vior, Has pardon'd all my guilt, The blood has brought me
 2. I am redeem'd! My heart is swell-ing With peace beyond com-pare; I am redeem'd! and
 3. I am redeem'd! A precious bless-ing Has come in - to my soul; It brings a bliss be -

Chorus.

grace and fa - vor, The blood for sin - ner's spilt. I am redeem'd! O glo - ry, glo - ry! I
 must be tell - ing, The joy that thrills me there.
 yond ex-press-ing, It sweet-ly makes me whole.

am redeem'd from sin, I am redeem'd, O glo - ry, glo - ry! The blood has made me clean.

Through the Portals.

87

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Thro' the Por - tals I see, I see Mansions of light are a - wait - ing me, Homes of pure and ce -
2. Thro' the Por - tals I see, I see Crowns of re - joic - ing a - wait - ing me, Crowns that glisten in
3. Thro' the Por - tals I see, I see Je - sus, my Sa - vior, to wel - come me, Glo - ry beams from his

Chorus.

les - tial bliss Where joy and pleasure shall nev - er cease. Thro' the Por - tals I'll go, I'll go,
brilliance fair, O Lord, I'm long - ing the crown to wear.
ra - diant face, He bids me come to his sweet em - brace.

Cloth'd in garments as white as the snow, There the cross lay down, lay down, To wear forever a gol - den crown.

Nobody knows but Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

MRS. MELLIE OYLER.

1. No - bod - y knows the sorrows I feel, And none my sor - rows can sweetly heal, But Je - sus, my
 2. No - bod - y knows the wants that oppress, And none can help me in my dis - tress, But Je - sus, my
 3. No - bod - y knows the joys that are mine, And no delights are as pure as thine, My Je - sus, my

Je - sus, He brings me comfort when I am sad, Dis - pels my sorrows, -and makes my heart glad.
 Je - sus, He of - fers mer - cy so full and free, O Je - sus, what could I do with - out thee?
 Je - sus, No - bod - y knows what pleasure it is, To drink from a fountain of love like this.

Chorus.

Nobody knows, Nobody knows, Nobody knows but Jesus; Nobody knows, Nobody knows, No, none but Jesus.

Bethesda.

89

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. At Beth-es - da's pool there lay, A-mong the suf-fring poor, One who there for many a day
2. Je - sus came up - on the scene, And saw the helpless soul; Ask'd him in the tend' rest tones:

Wait-ed for a cure. Oft he tried to en - ter in, But his toil was vain, Still he
"Wilt thou be made whole?" O the might-y pow'r of faith! Scarce had he be - liev'd Ere the

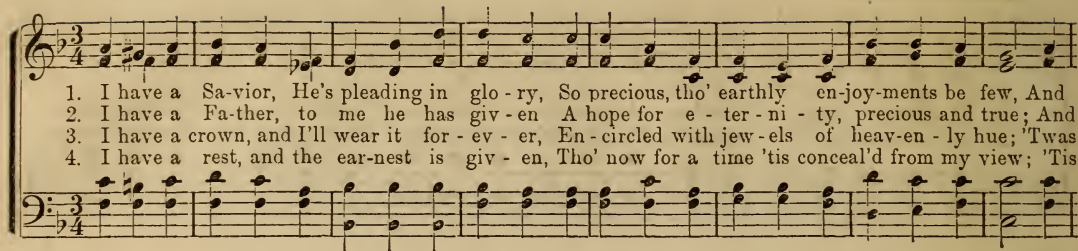
stay'd 'till an - gel hands Stirr'd the pool a - gain.
strength to rise and walk He from Christ re - ceived.

3.

We are helpless in our sins,
And Christ can heal our hearts;
When we in his name believe
He his grace imparts.
He is our Bethesda now,
He has healing power.
Let us bring our wounded hearts
Unto him this hour.

I'm Praying for You.

J. H. TENNEY.

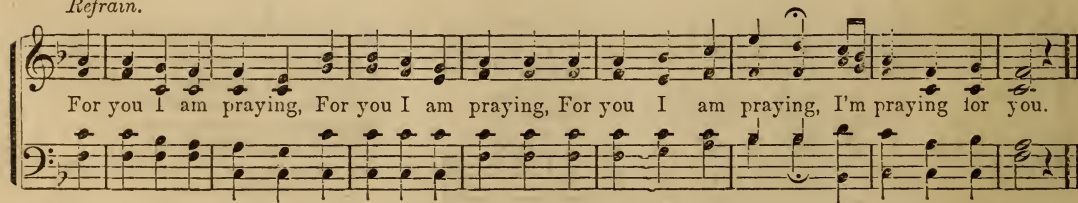


1. I have a Sa-vior, He's pleading in glo-ry, So precious, tho' earthly en-joy-ments be few, And
 2. I have a Fa-ther, to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty, precious and true; And
 3. I have a crown, and I'll wear it for-ev-er, En-circled with jew-els of heav-en-ly hue; 'Twas
 4. I have a rest, and the ear-nest is giv-en, Tho' now for a time 'tis conceal'd from my view; 'Tis



now He is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me; But, oh, that my Sa-vior was your Sa-vior too!
 soon will my spir-it be with Him in heav-en; But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 purchas'd by Je-sus, my glo-ri-fied Sa-vior; But, oh, could I know one was purchas'd for you!
 life ev-er-last-ing, 'tis Je-sus, 'tis heav-en; And, oh, dearest friend, let me meet you there too!

Refrain.



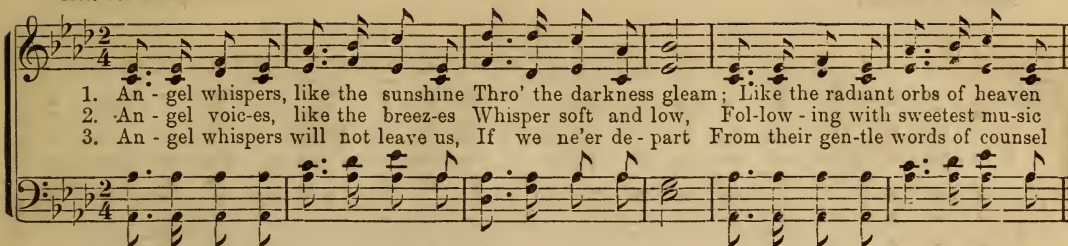
For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

Angel Whispers.

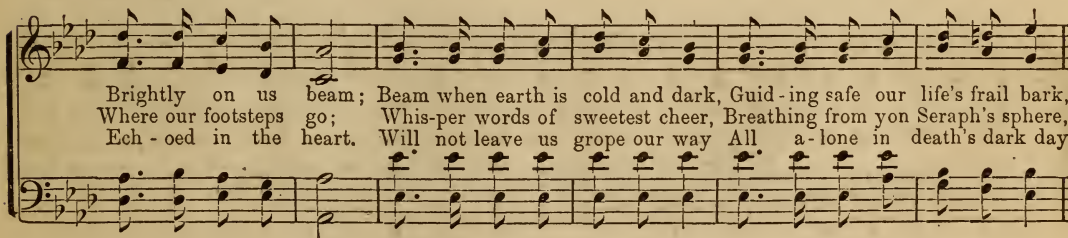
91

Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

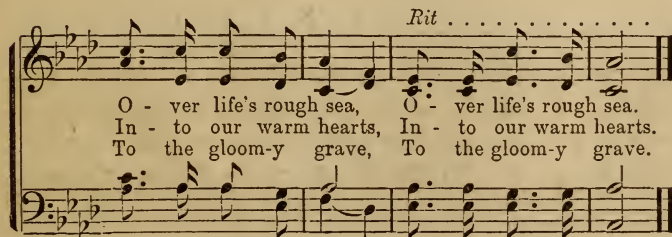
WM. T. ROGERS.



1. An - gel whispers, like the sunshine Thro' the darkness gleam; Like the radiant orbs of heaven
 2. An - gel voic-es, like the breez-es Whisper soft and low, Fol-low - ing with sweetest mu-sic
 3. An - gel whispers will not leave us, If we ne'er de-part From their gen-tle words of counsel



Brightly on us beam; Beam when earth is cold and dark, Guid-ing safe our life's frail bark,
 Where our footsteps go; Whis-per words of sweetest cheer, Breathing from yon Seraph's sphere,
 Ech-oed in the heart. Will not leave us grope our way All a-lone in death's dark day



Rit
 O - ver life's rough sea, O - ver life's rough sea.
 In - to our warm hearts, In - to our warm hearts.
 To the gloom-y grave, To the gloom-y grave.

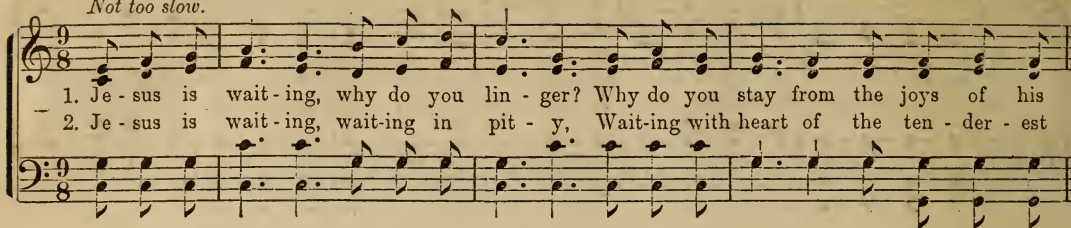
4.

Angel whispers like a spirit,
 Hover o'er our way,
 Fold o'er us their shelt'ring pinions,
 Guide us through the day;
 Guide us with their words of love,
 From this world to that above
 Where they ever dwell,
 Where they ever dwell.

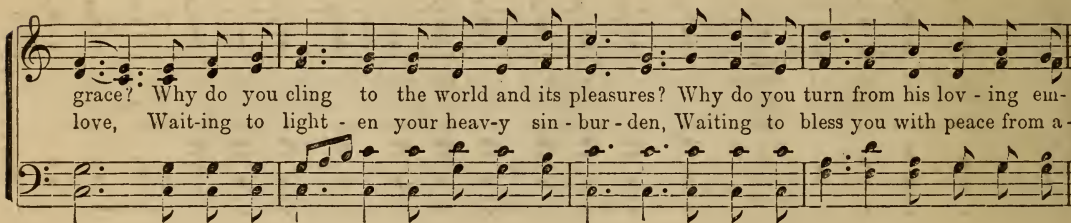
Jesus is Waiting.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
DUET OR QUARTETTE.
Not too slow.

W. B. MANNING.

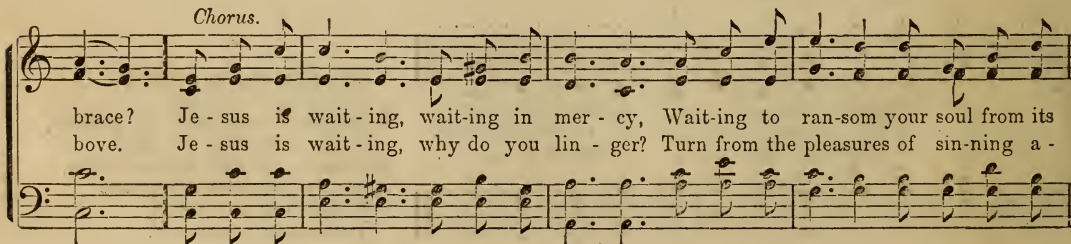


1. Je - sus is wait - ing, why do you lin - ger? Why do you stay from the joys of his
2. Je - sus is wait - ing, wait - ing in pit - y, Wait - ing with heart of the ten - der - est



grace? Why do you cling to the world and its pleasures? Why do you turn from his lov - ing em -
love, Wait - ing to light - en your heav - y sin - bur - den, Wait - ing to bless you with peace from a -

Chorus.



brace? Je - sus is wait - ing, wait - ing in mer - cy, Wait - ing to ran - som your soul from its
bove. Je - sus is wait - ing, why do you lin - ger? Turn from the pleasures of sin - ning a -

Jesus is Waiting.—Concluded.

93

sin, Waiting to bless you, to save you, to seal you, En - ter your heart and bring gladness therein.
way, Come to the Sav-ior who kind-ly in - vites thee, Why from his dear, blessed fold do you stray?

Refrain. Faster.

Je-sus is waiting, waiting, Je-sus is waiting, waiting, Why from his fold, why from his fold do you stray?
Je-sus is wait - - - ing, Why from his fold do you stray?

Je-sus is waiting, waiting, Je-sus is waiting, waiting, Come to his love, Come to his love to-day!
Je-sus is wait - - - ing, Come to his love to - day!

Closer to Thee.

Words by L. R. CLARK.

Harmony by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Melody and Chorus by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sa - vior to thee, Clos - er to Je - sus now fain would I be;
 2. Clos - er by day, tho' my sky be all bright; Clos - er, still clos - er when fall - eth the night;

Round me his arm, on his bo - som my head, Near the dear side which on Cal - va - ry bled.
 Earth hath no bright - ness a - way from his face, Time has no mo - ment I need not his grace.

Chorus.

Clos - er to thee, still clos - er to thee, Dear Sa - vior, I want to be clos - er to thee.

3 When to the Jordan of death I descend,
 Danger I'll fear not if Christ be my friend;
 Breasting the billows, my death-song shall be,
 Closer, still closer, my Savior, to thee.

4 Closer to Jesus, I'm nearer to God;
 Nearer the home of the Christian's abode;
 Nearer the great and the glorious Three,
 Nearer to heaven when closer to thee.

We are almost There.

95

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Andante.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. A few more swift-ly flow-ing years, Will bring us to our rest With - in the Par - a -
 2. A few more tri - als suf - fer'd here, A few more throbs of pain, And we shall dwell a -
 3. A few more years of faith - ful toil With - in the vineyard wide, Then on the bo - som

Chorus.

dise of God, At home on Je - sus' breast. We are al-most there, we are almost there, 'Neath the
 mong the blest, At home on E - den's plain.
 of my Lord, I shall be sat - is - fied.

Coda.

gold - en dome Of our Fath - er's Home, We are al - most there, we are al - most there.

Come let us Rejoice.

From BENEDICT.

With Spirit.

1. Come, come let us re-joice, Join-ing heart with the voice, Prais-ing our Sav-ior for
 2. Now with loud-est ac-claim, Sound we forth the dear name Of our Re-deem-er, our

bles-sings he's giv'n; All the joys we pos-sess, All our true hap-pi-ness Come free-ly
 Sav-ior, and Friend; Him our hearts will we give, In his ser-vice we'll live 'Till we shall

Chorus.

down from "Our Fath-er in heav'n." All glo-ry to God,
 praise him in worlds without end. All glo-ry be to God, All glo-ry be to God.

From "Every Sabbath," by per.

Come let us Rejoice.—Concluded.

97

To God on high! All glo - - - ry to God.
All glo - ry be to God, All glo - ry be to God,

To God on high! All glo - ry be to God, All glo - ry be to God. . .
All glo - ry be to God, All glo - ry be to God. . .

Teach the Children how to Live.

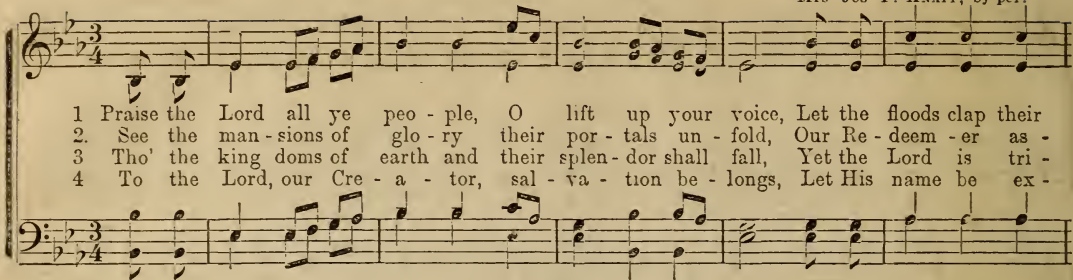
MARY MAPES DODGE.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. From the sun-ny morning To the star-ry night, Ev'ry look and motion Meets our Father's sight.
2. Let us guard each accent With a ho - ly fear, Fit our ev' - ry say-ing For our Lord to hear.
3. Help us, O, our Fath-er, Hear our earnest plea, Teach thy lit - tle children, How to live for thee!

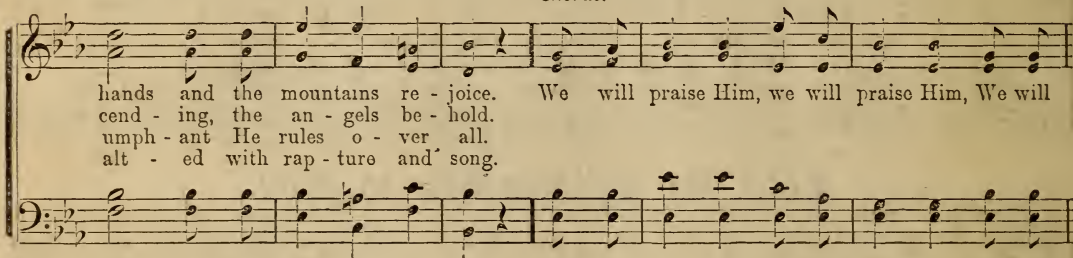
The Lord is King.

Mrs Jos F. KNAPP, by per.

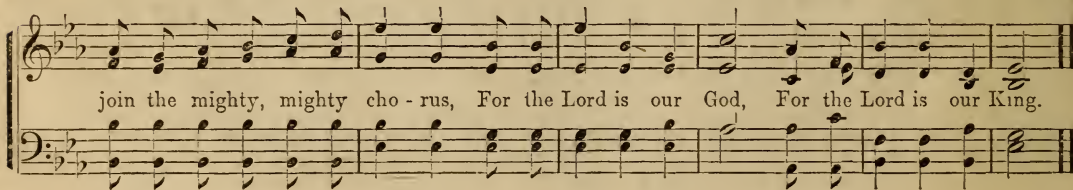


1 Praise the Lord all ye peo - ple, O lift up your voice, Let the floods clap their
 2 See the man - sions of glo - ry their por - tals un - fold, Our Re - deem - er as -
 3 Tho' the king doms of earth and their splen - dor shall fall, Yet the Lord is tri -
 4 To the Lord, our Cre - a - tor, sal - va - tion be - longs, Let His name be ex -

Chorus.



hands and the mountains re - joice. We will praise Him, we will praise Him, We will
 cend - ing, the an - gels be - hold.
 umph - ant He rules o - ver all.
 alt - ed with rap - ture and song.



join the mighty, mighty cho - rus, For the Lord is our God, For the Lord is our King.

Believing.

99

CHAS. WESLEY.

Melody and Chorus by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad: Then shall my feet no
 2. Oh, that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow; Burn up the dross of
 3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume; Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for

Chorus.

long - er rove, Root - ed and fixed in God. I'm be - liev - ing, I'm be - liev - ing, Be -
 base de - sire, And make the mountains flow.
 thee I call, Spir - it of burn - ing, come.

liev - ing now in the Lord; I'm be - liev - ing, and re - ceiv - ing Sal - va - tion thro' his blood.

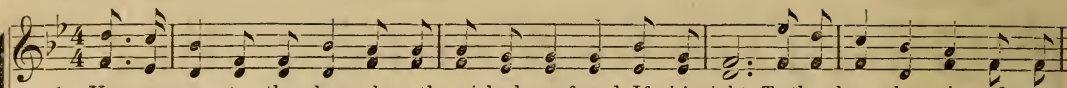
4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move;
 While Christ is all the world to me,
 And all my heart is love.

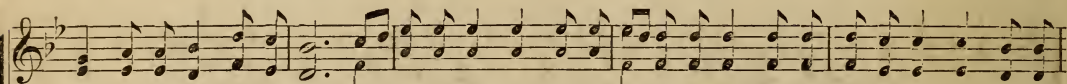
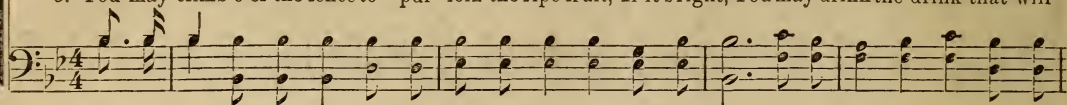
Provided You're Right.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

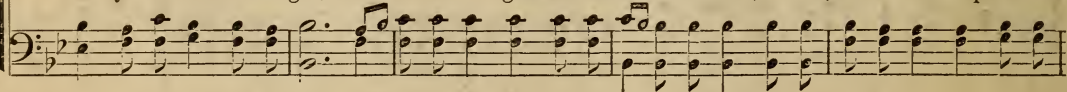
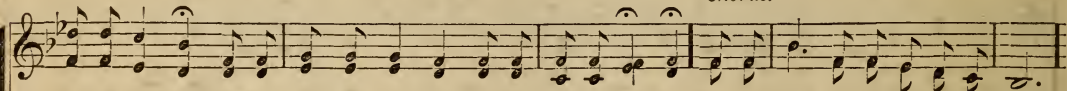
J. H. ROSECRANS.



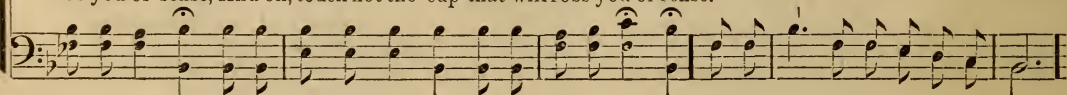
1. You may go to the place where the wicked are found, If it's right, To the place where sin and trans-
2. You may speak profane words from your lips and your tongue, If it's right, And chime in the vul-gar un-
3. You may climb o'er the fence to pur-loin the ripe fruit, If it's right, You may drink the drink that will



gression abound, If it's right; But since it is wrong, 'tis no place for you there, You had better go in - to the sanctified song, If it's right; But since it is wrong, you had better abstain, And oh, never the name of your make you a brute If it's right; But since it is wrong do not climb o'er the fence, And oh, touch not the cup that will

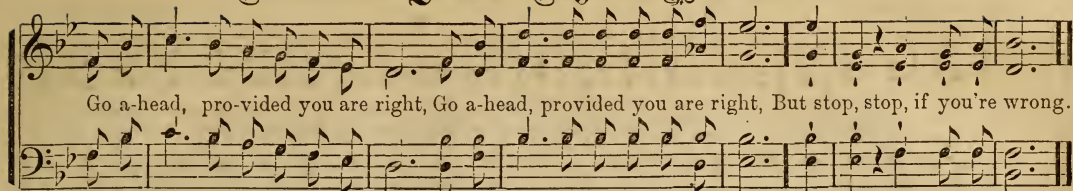
*Chorus.*

temple of prayer, You had better go in - to the temple of prayer. Go a - head, provided you are right, Maker profane, And oh, nev - er the name of your Maker profane. rob you of sense, And oh, touch not the cup that will rob you of sense.



Provided You're Right.—Concluded.

101

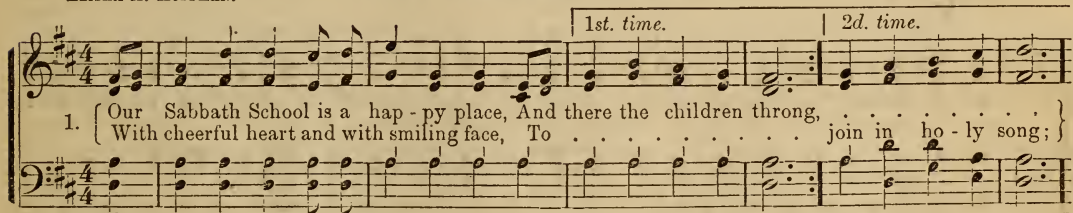


Go a-head, pro-vided you are right, Go a-head, provided you are right, But stop, stop, if you're wrong.

Our Sabbath School.

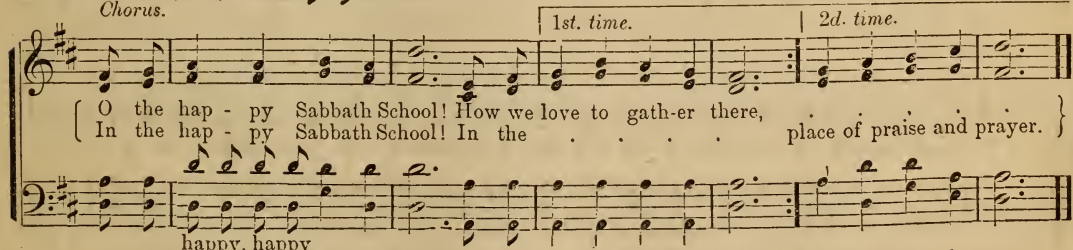
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.



1. { Our Sabbath School is a hap - py place, And there the children throng,
With cheerful heart and with smiling face, To join in ho - ly song; }

Chorus.



{ O the hap - py Sabbath School! How we love to gath - er there,
In the hap - py Sabbath School! In the place of praise and prayer. }

happy, happy

2 Our Sabbath School is a happy place,
And thither we repair,
With eager heart and quickened pace
To join the voice of prayer.

3 Our Sabbath School is a precious place,
We study there the Word
In which the holy life we trace
Of Christ, our loving Lord.

Confession of Sin.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. R. SWENEY.

1. My Fath-er in Heav-en! All blinded with tears, All burden'd with anguish, all trembling with
 2. I come with no mer-it, I come with no plea, But that thy dear Son made a - tone-ment for

fears, I come to con-fess all the sin I have done, And plead for thy mercy thro' Jesus, thy Son.
 me; I come sim-ply rest-ing on what he has done, And trusting for mer-cy in Je-sus a-lone.

D. S. Con-fess-ing the sin and the wrong I have done, And pleading for mer-cy thro' Je-sus, thy Son.
Chorus.

D.S.
 In hum-bles con-tri-tion I bow at thy feet, My sor-row, my anguish, my ru-in com-plete,

3 In sorrow confessing my guilt and my sin,
 I come with a hope thy sweet favor to win
 By pleading the merit of Jesus, thy Son,
 And resting in faith on the work he has done.

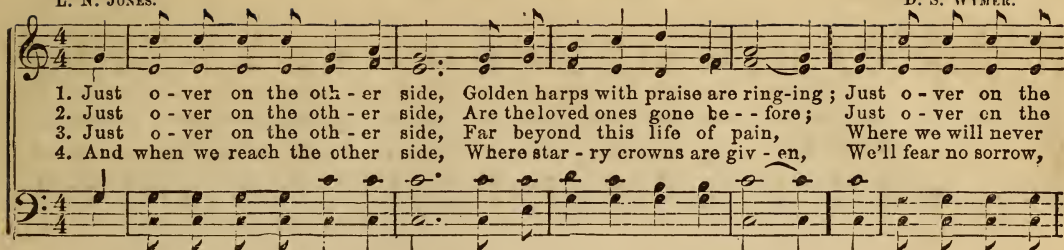
4 Low down at thy feet in contrition I lay,
 O turn me not, Father, unpardoned away!
 Forgive me through Jesus, the Savior divine,
 And seal with thy pardon this poor heart of mine.

The Other Side.

103

L. N. JONES.

D. S. WYMER.



1. Just o-ver on the oth-er side, Golden harps with praise are ring-ing; Just o-ver on the
 2. Just o-ver on the oth-er side, Are the loved ones gone be--fore; Just o-ver on the
 3. Just o-ver on the oth-er side, Far beyond this life of pain, Where we will never
 4. And when we reach the other side, Where star-ry crowns are giv-en, We'll fear no sorrow,

REFRAIN.



oth-er side, An-gel bands their songs are sing-ing. O-----ver on the oth-er side,
 oth-er side, We shall meet to part no more.
 sor-row more, We will nev-er sin a--gain.
 fear no storm, When we're landed safe in heav-en. O-ver on the oth-er side.

O-----ver on the oth-er side, O-----ver on the oth-er side We will meet and there abide.
 O-ver on the oth-r side, O-ver on the oth-er side We will meet and there abide.

From "Royal Songs" by permission.

Come, Refining Spirit, Come.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. At the Cross we bow and plead: Lord, on us thy grace be - stow. Cleanse us with re -
 2. At the Cross we bow and wait! Send the sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r. Let the healing
 3. At the Cross we bow and weep! Let our tears thy pit - y move. Change our natures

Refrain.

fin - ing fire; Make us whiter than the snow. Come, re-fin - ing spir - it, come! Take a - way our
 vir - tue flow In this con - se - cra - ted hour.
 in - to thine; Fill us with thy per - fect love.

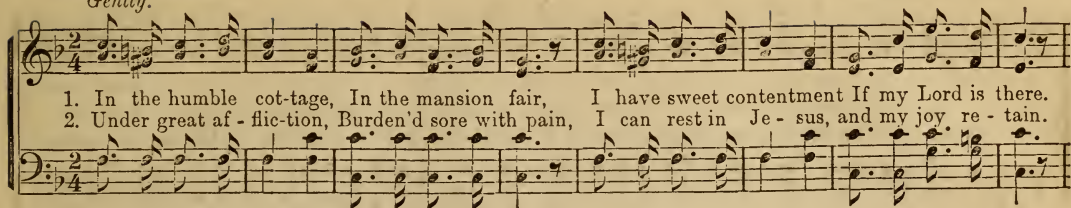
sin, and dross, O wash us in the cleans - ing stream, Flowing from the hallow'd cross.

Anywhere with Jesus.

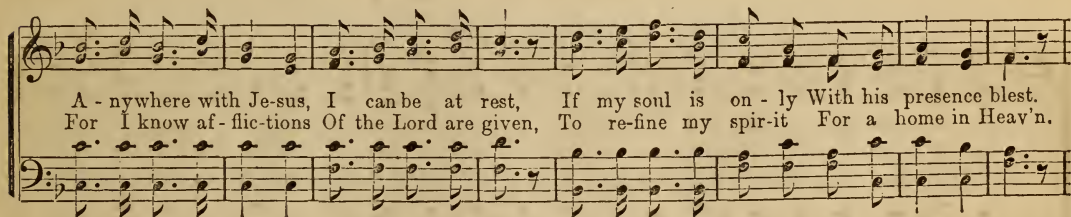
105

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Gently.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

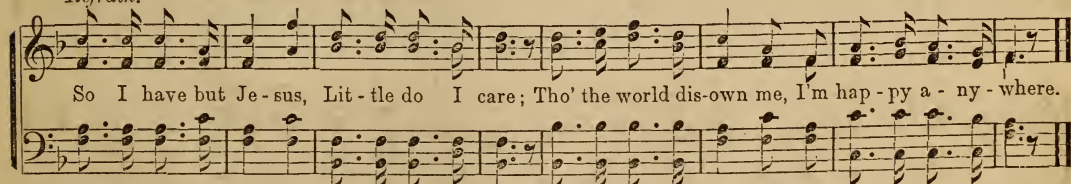


1. In the humble cot-tage, In the mansion fair, I have sweet contentment If my Lord is there.
2. Under great af-flic-tion, Burden'd sore with pain, I can rest in Je-sus, and my joy re-tain.



A - nywhere with Je-sus, I can be at rest, If my soul is on - ly With his presence blest.
For I know af-flic-tions Of the Lord are given, To re-fine my spir-it For a home in Heav'n.

Refrain.



So I have but Je-sus, Lit-tle do I care; Tho' the world dis-own me, I'm hap-py a - ny - where.

3 When he calls to duty, When he calls to prayer,
Quick I haste to meet him, And to own him there.
Glad if I may serve him In my feeble way,
Glad if he but keeps me In the narrow way.

4 Under persecution Many may despair,
But my Savior keeps me Happy, even there.
O, my blessed Savior, Let me cling to thee.
May I share thy presence Through eternity.

The New Happy Day.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

REV. W. HOUP.

1. Hap-py day! hap-py day! When the Lord took a-way All the bur-den of sin from my heart,
 2. I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd, I am wondrous-ly sav'd, I am wondrous-ly sav'd from my sin;
 3. What a joy thrill'd my soul, When the Lord made me whole, And imparted his ful-ness of grace!

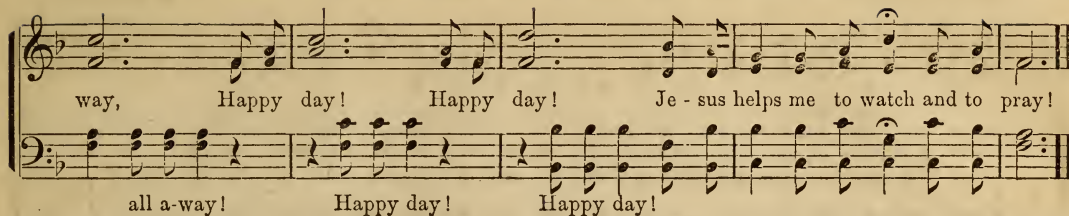
To re-veal un-to me, His for-give-ness so free, And his own pre-cious love to im-part.
 Ho-ly peace fills my breast! Such a full-ness of rest! I am wash'd in the blood, I am clean!
 O the joy I receiv'd When my poor heart believ'd, And he show'd me the smiles of his face!

Chorus.

Hap-py day! Hap-py day! Je-sus wash-es my sins all a -
 Hap-py day! Hap-py day!

The New Happy Day.—Concluded.

107

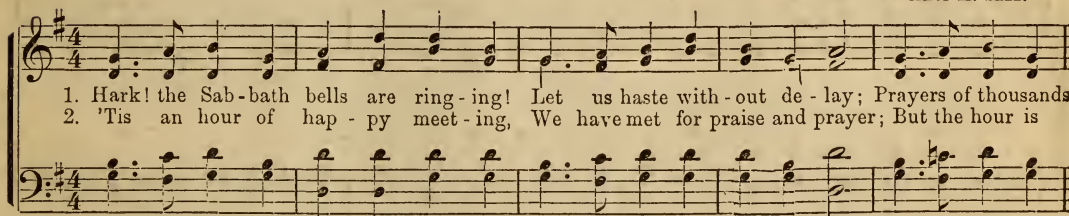


way, Happy day! Happy day! Je - sus helps me to watch and to pray!

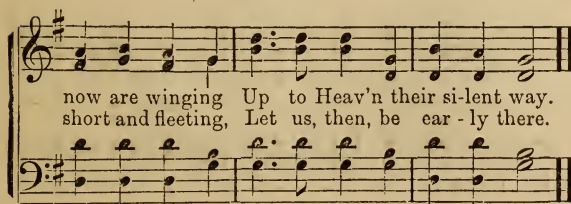
all a-way! Happy day! Happy day!

Hark! the Sabbath Bells.

AMOS H. SELL.



1. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing! Let us haste with-out de-lay; Prayers of thousands
2. 'Tis an hour of hap-py meet-ing, We have met for praise and prayer; But the hour is



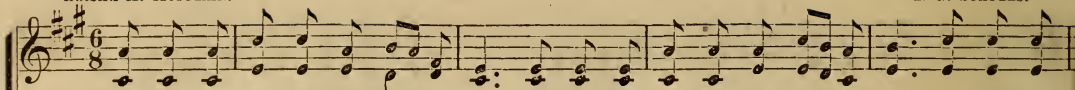
now are winging Up to Heav'n their si-lent way.
short and fleeting, Let us, then, be ear-ly there.

- 3 Do not keep our teachers waiting
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
- 4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair,
Thousands now are joined in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer,

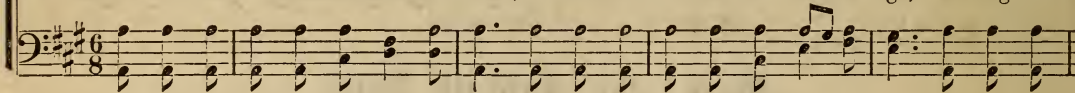
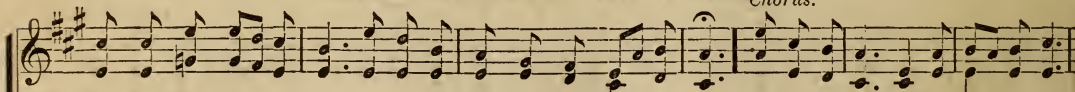
Over the Ocean.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

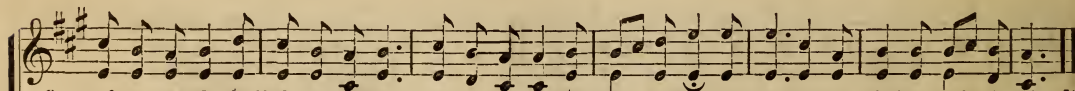
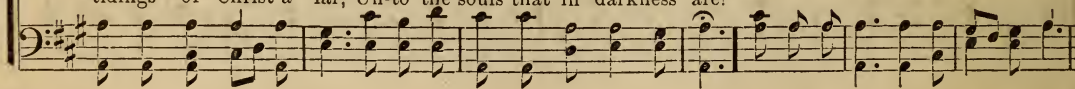
R G. STAPLES.



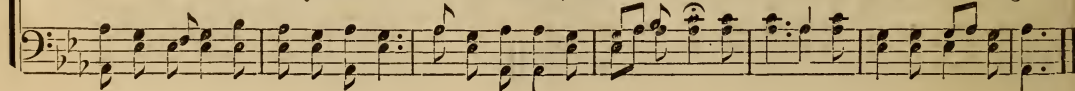
1. O - ver the o - cean—there comes a cry; O - ver the o - cean—there breathes a sigh, Coming from
2. O - ver the o - cean—are burden'd souls; O - ver the o - cean—the sun-tide rolls, Whelming the
3. O - ver the o - cean—they grope in sin! O - ver the o - cean—go bring them in, In - to the
4. O - ver the o - cean—are want and woe; O - ver the o - cean— O who will go, Bearing the

*Chorus.*

nations a - far, a - far, Coming from those who in darkness are. O-ver the o - cean—in sin they lie!
 nations in shades of gloom, Making the earth like a vale of doom.
 fold of the Lamb once slain, Breaking the fetters of er - ror's chain.
 tidings of Christ a - far, Un-to the souls that in darkness are?



O-ver the ocean, O! shall they die? Send them the blessed, blessed Word, And lead them to Christ, our loving Lord!



Lead Me.

109

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Lead me, lead me, precious Fath-er, Lead me all my journey thro', Safe from all of sin's al-
 2. Lead me, lead me, dear Re-deem-er, By thy ev - er - faith-ful hand, Thro' my life's un-ev - en
 3. Lead me, bles-sed Ho - ly Spir - it, Thro' temp-tation's sub-tle snare, Up the nar-row way to

Refrain.

lure-ments, 'Till thy man-sions are in view. Ev-er lead me, ev-er lead me, Lead me
 path-way, Upward to the glo-ry-land.
 Heav-en, In thy mer-cy bring me there.

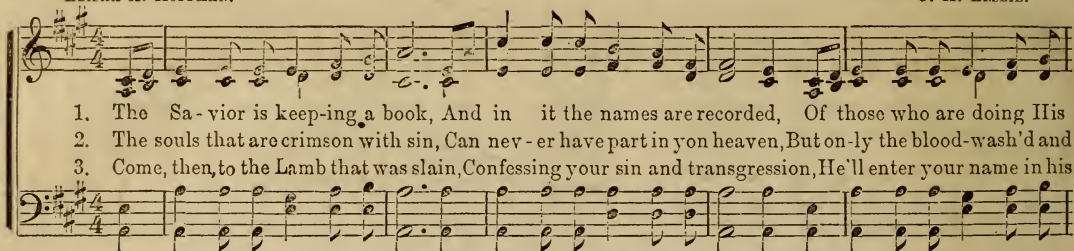
Ever lead me, Ever lead me,

by thy faithful hand, O lead me, Upward, upward, 'till thou bring me to the bet - ter land.
 lead me by thy faithful hand, bring me to the better land.

Is Your Name in the Book of Life?

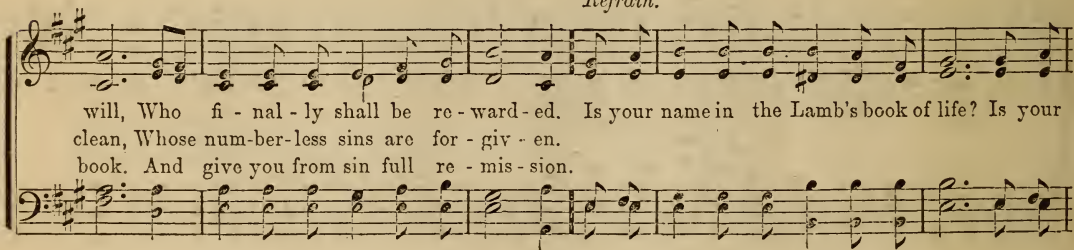
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. LESLIE.

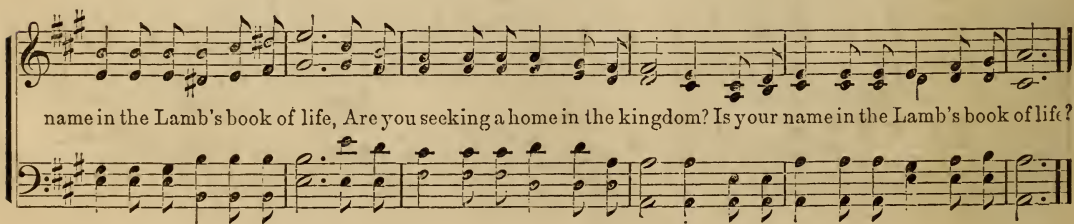


1. The Sa-vior is keep-ing a book, And in it the names are recorded, Of those who are doing His
 2. The souls that are crimson with sin, Can nev-er have part in yon heaven, But on-ly the blood-wash'd and
 3. Come, then, to the Lamb that was slain, Confessing your sin and transgression, He'll enter your name in his

Refrain.



will, Who fi-nal-ly shall be re-ward-ed. Is your name in the Lamb's book of life? Is your
 clean, Whose num-ber-less sins are for-giv-en.
 book. And give you from sin full re-mis-sion.



name in the Lamb's book of life, Are you seeking a home in the kingdom? Is your name in the Lamb's book of life?

What can I do for Jesus?

111

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. A mighty tide of human souls Unto the Throne of Judgment rolls; To Christ who died to have them

sav'd, I should have led some sin-en - slay'd; I've not gain'd one for Je - sus. For Je - sus, For

Refrain.

Je-sus, I've not gain'd one for Je - sus, For Je-sus, for Je-sus, Who did so much for me.

2 My precious time has fled in haste,
And gone, alas! to wretched waste;
My many years of life are run,
Their opportunities all flown,
And nothing done for Jesus,

Choro. For Jesus, for Jesus,
And nothing done for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus,
Who did so much for me,

3 The Savior did so much for me,
And I have lived on thoughtlessly,
As though the Lord no vineyard grew
In which I had a work to do,—
And I've done naught for Jesus.

Choro. For Jesus, for Jesus,
And I've done naught for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus,
Who did so much for me,

4 My life is drawing to a close,
And soon I'll seek the grave's repose:
While yet a few fleet moments stay,
Ere all have fully ebbed away,
What can I do for Jesus?

Choro. For Jesus, for Jesus,
What can I do for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus,
Who did so much for me,

List to the Bells!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. T. GIFFE.

m *p*

1. List to the bells of Sab - bath! Hear their chiming, And their rhyming, List to the bells of
 2. Hark! to the mer-ry peal - ing, As it thrills us, Sweet-ly fills us, Hark! to the mer-ry
 3. Ring out the pleas-ing ma - tin, Thrill us sweet-ly, And com-plete-ly, Ring out the pleas-ing

Chorus. Chim - ing, rhym - ing,

Sab - bath As they ring! Hear the chim-ing, and the rhym-ing, Of the joy - ful Sabbath bells!
 peal - ing Of the bells.
 ma - tin On the air.

Chim - ing, rhym - ing, chim - ing, rhym - ing,
cres. *m* Steal - ing,

Hear the chiming, and the rhym-ing, Of the joy - ous Sab-bath bells! Happy chorus stealing o'er us,
 steal - ing, peal - ing,

Dist to the Bells!—Concluded.

113

peal - ing, *cres.*

O the joy their mu - sic tells! Hear the chiming, and the rhyming Of the joy - ful Sab-bath bells!

steal - ing, peal - ing.

Jesus, my Lord.

J. G. DECK.

KARL REDEN, by per.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love, Je - sus, my Lord! All oth - er names above, Je - sus, my Lord!
 2. Thou blessed Son of God, Je - sus, my Lord! Hast bought me with thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!
 3. When un-to thee I flee, Je - sus, my Lord! Thou wilt my re - fuge be, Je - sus, my Lord!

cres.

Oh, thou art all to me! Nothing to please I see, Noth-ing a-part from thee, Je-sus, my Lord!
 Oh, how great is thy love, All oth - er loves above, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je-sus, my Lord!
 What need I now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since thou art ev - er near? Je-sus, my Lord!

8

Oh, for the Pearly Gates!

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Oh, for the pear - ly gates of heav'n! Oh, for the gold - en floor! Oh, for the Sun of
 2. Oh, for a heart that nev - er sins! Oh, for a soul wash'd white! Oh for a voice to
 3. Here faith is ours, and heavenly hōpe, And grace to lead us higher; But there are per - fect-
 4. Oh, by thy love and an-guish, Lord, And by thy life laid down, Grant that we fail not

Refrain.

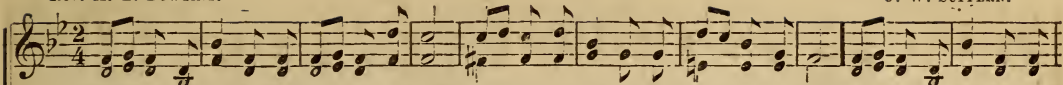
Righteousness That set-teth nev - er - more! Oh heav'n, sweet home, I long for
 praise our King, Nor weary day nor night!
 ness and peace, Beyond our best de - sire.
 of thy grace, Nor fail to reach our crown! Oh heav'n, sweet home, I long
 with Him be
 thee! When shall I come, And with my Sav - ior be,
 for thee! When shall I come, And with my Sav - ior be.

Singing for Jesus.

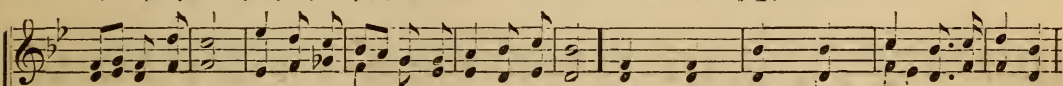
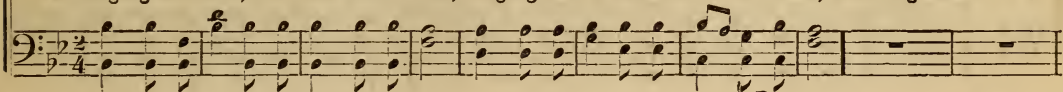
115

Rev. H. L. DOWLING.

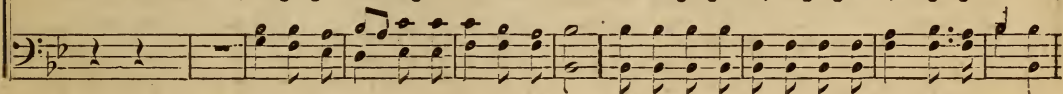
J. W. SUFFERN.



1. Singing for Je-sus wherev-er we are, Chanting his praises while wand'ring along, Lovingly trusting his
2. Singing for Jesus, our bountiful Friend, He who is willing and able to save; Whose love and mercy free
3. Singing for Jesus, the Lord of the skies, Singing for Jesus wherev-er we roam, Knowing that after a

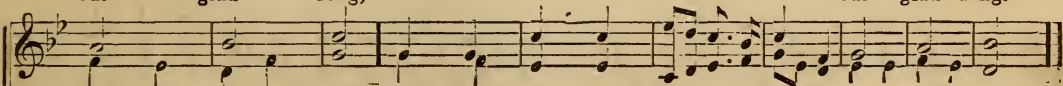


heav-en-ly care, Praising him ev-er with beau-ti-ful song. Sing-ing ev - er, singing for Je-sus
nev-er will end, Victorious Master o'er death and the grave.
while we shall rise, Singing sweet songs in the beautiful skies. Singing ever, singing ever, singing for Jesus,

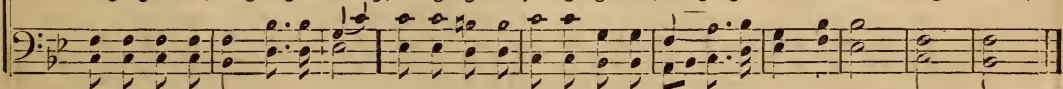


our glad song,

our glad song.



our glad, our glad song, Sing - ing ev - er, Singing for Je-sus our glad, our glad song.
Singing ev-er, sing-ing our song; Singing over, singing ever, Singing for Je - sus our glad song.



From "Royal Songs" by permission.

Immortality.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

Immortality.—Concluded.

117

What then of all these powers God has giv - 'n me? Will they be bur - ied in an end - less deep?
What then of all the hopes with-in me thronging To have a home in the im - mor - tal land?
I know that when the weary eye - lid clos - es, I shall as - cend to be with thee at home.

This musical system consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody is written in a major key and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, primarily in the lower register.

Chorus.

O bless - ed hope that Christ to me has giv - en! O precious hope of ceaseless bliss in heav - en!

The chorus begins with a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth notes, creating a rhythmic and melodic pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, primarily in the lower register.

I then shall roam the plains of endless light With Je - sus and the hosts ar - rayed in white.

This final system of the piece features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody concludes with a final note and a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, primarily in the lower register.

Waiting for the Angels.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

SOLO OR DUET.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

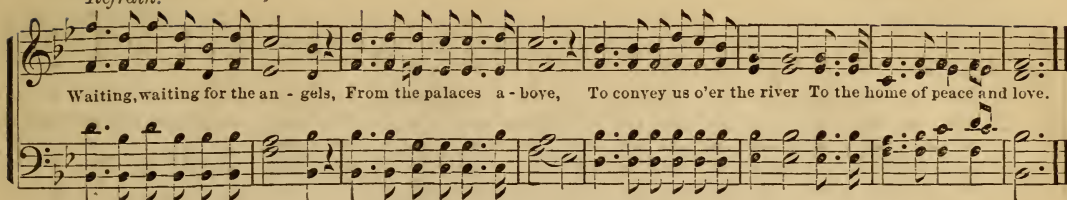
1. We are wait-ing for the com-ing Of the shin - ing an - gel band, To con -
 2. We are wait-ing by the riv - er, Where the bil - lows loud - ly roar, Wait-ing
 3. O'er the waves there comes an ech - o, Rich and full, and wondrous sweet; 'Tis the
 4. Man-y lov'd ones gone be - fore us At the shin - ing por - tals stand; We are

vey us o'er the riv - er, To the pleas - ant sum - mer - land.
 'till the shin - ing an - gels Bear us to the oth - er shore.
 song of shin - ing an - gels Waft - ed down the gold - en street.
 wait - ing 'till the an - gels Bear us to the white - robed band.

Waiting for the Angels!—Concluded.

119

Refrain.

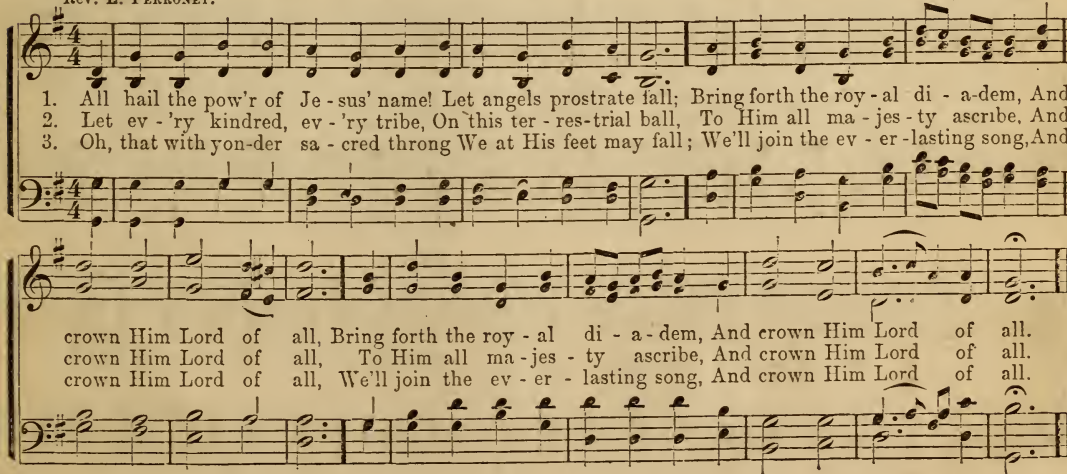


Waiting, waiting for the an - gels, From the palaces a - bove, To convey us o'er the river To the home of peace and love.

Coronation. C. M.

REV. E. PERRONET.

O HOLDEN.



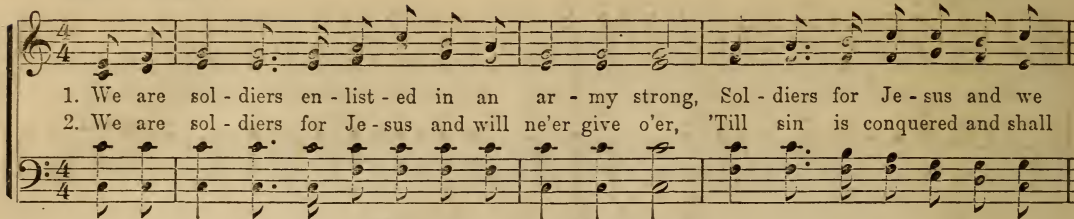
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And
 2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And

crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all, To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

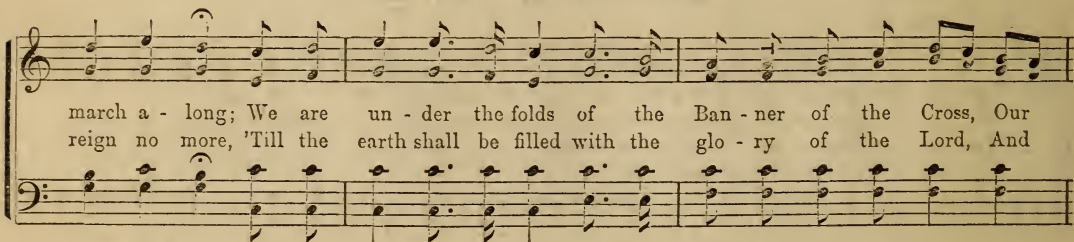
All the World for Christ.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

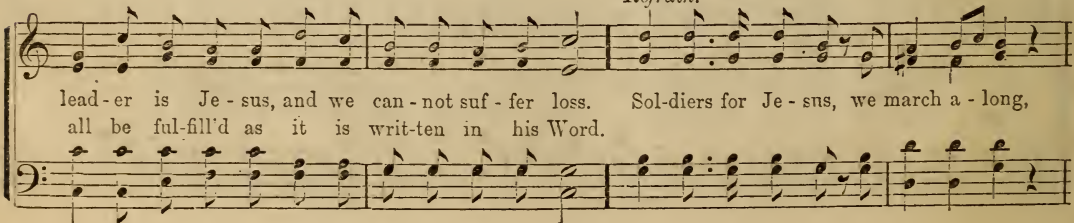
S. WESLEY MARTIN.



1. We are sol - diers en - list - ed in an ar - my strong, Sol - diers for Je - sus and we
2. We are sol - diers for Je - sus and will ne'er give o'er, 'Till sin is conquered and shall



march a - long; We are un - der the folds of the Ban - ner of the Cross, Our
reign no more, 'Till the earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of the Lord, And

Refrain.


lead - er is Je - sus, and we can - not suf - fer loss. Sol - diers for Je - sus, we march a - long,
all be ful - fill'd as it is writ - ten in his Word.

All the World for Christ.—Concluded.

121

March a-long, March a-long, This for our mot-to, and this for our song, "All the world for Christ."

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, march-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Work in the Day.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. Work in the day, Ere it pass a - way, Ere the night comes on, When no work is done.
2. Work in the day, Tri - fle not a - way Hours you owe to Christ, For his love un-pric'd.
3. Work in the day, While the mo - ments stay, Soon will set the sun And the day be gone.

The musical notation is in 4/4 time. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Refrain.

Work, work, work in the day, Work, work, ere it pass a - way.

The musical notation is in 4/4 time. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The Good Old Story.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. We've heard the good old sto-ry! From sweetest lips of love, Of Christ, the King of glo-ry, Who
 2. He comes, O precious sto-ry, With love for you and me; Oh, who will bid Him welcome? Who,

came from heav'n a - bove. He came with love for children, Of pur - est, sweetest type; He
 who His child will be? Then, then to oth - ers bear it, This love of priceless worth, 'Till

Chorus.

came a child of sor-row, Their in-fant tears to wipe. Yes, we've heard the good old sto-ry, We've
 all the chil-dren hear it, Throughout the wide, wide earth.

The Good Old Story.—Concluded.

123

heard the good old sto - ry, Of Christ, the King of glo - ry, Who came from Heav'n a - bove.

Love each Other.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. { Lit - tle children, love each oth - er With af - fec - tion warm and true, As you'd have them do to you. }

Chorus.

{ Try to do, try to do, Un - to oth - ers try to do, They should do to you. }

2 Little children, love each other
Never cause a heart to pain;
Though you meet with great unkindness,
Do not be unkind again.

3 Little children, love each other
You will always find it best;
For in being kind to others
You will be supremely blest.

Oh! What is this Splendor?

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Oh! what is this splendor that beams on me now, This beau-ti-ful sun-rise that dawns on my soul,
 2. To what mighty king doth this ci-ty be-long, With rich jewell'd shrines, and its gar-dens of flow'rs,
 3. See! forth from the gates, comes a bri-dal ar-ray, The princes of Heaven, how brightly they shine!
 4. And oh! if the ex-iles of earth could but win One sight of the beau-ty of Je-sus a-bove,

While faint and far off land and sea lie be-low, And un-der my feet the huge golden clouds roll?
 Its breath of sweet in-cense, its measures of song, And light that is gild-ing its num-ber-less tow'rs?
 To wel-come the stranger, to show me the way, And tell me that all I see round me is mine.
 From thence they would cease to be a-ble to sin, And earth would be heaven, for heav-en is love.

Chorus.

'Tis the pal-ace of Je-sus, our Sa-rior and King, 'Tis the pal-ace of Je-sus, our Sa-rior and King,

Oh! What is this Splendor? Concluded.

125

And soon, ver - y soon, And soon, ver - y soon, And soon, ver - y soon we may all en - ter in.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and rests. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing triplet markings and rests.

Jesus is Ever Near.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Je-sus is ev-er near, What need I then to fear? Tho' trials come se-vere, Je-sus is ev-er near.
2. Je-sus is ev-er near, Why need I sor-row here? He brings me joy and cheer, Jesus is ev-er near.
3. Je-sus is ev-er near, Wipes ev'-ry falling tear, Loves me with love sincere, Je-sus is ev-er near.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. It features a variety of note values and rests. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic foundation with chords and single notes.

Chorus.

rit.

Repeat pp

Je-sus is near, . . . Je-sus is near, . . . What need I then to fear? Je-sus is ev - er near.
ev-er near, ever near,

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the chorus. The upper part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. It includes a repeat sign and a piano (pp) dynamic marking. The lower part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring rests and chords.

Glory to God in the Highest.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Loud and full.

T. H. TANNER.

1. See! see! see! A light from heav-en streaming, Thro' the skies a - twain!
 2. Hark! hark! hark! the air with joy is ring - ing, With a flood of song!
 3. Joy! joy! joy! to us a Sa - viors' giv - en, On this Christmas morn!
 4. Sing! sing! sing! O sing the won-drous sto - ry On this Christmas morn!

See! see! see! un - earth - ly glo - ry beam-ing O'er Ju - de - a's plain!
 Hark! hark! hark! sweet an - gel - voic - es sing - ing, The glad strains pro-long!
 Joy! joy! joy! the news comes down from heav-en, Christ, the Lord is born!
 Sing! sing! sing! O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Christ, the Lord is born!

Refrain.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry

Glo-ry, glo-ry

Glory to God in the Highest.—Concluded.

127

glo - ry, Peace on earth, good will to men, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Peace on earth, good will to men.

Glo-ry, glo-ry,

No Crumb for Me?

Rev. WM. P. BREED, D. D.

J. E. GOULD.
Duett.

1. { Pass - ing, Lord, by vale and mountain, Highway, by - way, thro' the land,
Bringing wine from Cal - v'ry's fountain, Bread from God's free - giv - ing hand: } None for me?

2. { On, dear Lord, per - sue thy mis - sion To the lost of Is - ra - el:
Yet give ear to my pe - ti - tion, Pit - y - ing Im - man - u - el! } None for me?

Cho.
None for me? Drop one pity - ing crumb for me!

- 3 "Not to dogs—the bread of children"—
No, dear Lord, *that* may not be;
But to dogs the crumbs are given,
Is there then no crumb for me?
- 4 Wretched, wayworn, grief-o'ertaken,
Low at thy kind feet I bow,
Hungry, naked, blind, forsaken,
Jesus, feed me, feed me now!

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

Never forget the Savior.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

REV. B. C. OYLER.

1. Nev-er for - get the Sa - vior, Who loves thee so ten-der - ly, Nev-er for - get the
 2. Nev-er for - get the Sa - vior, Who died to re - deem thy soul, Nev-er for - get the
 3. Nev-er for - get the Sa - vior, The com-fort-ing, helping friend, Nev-er for - get the

Chorus.

Sa - vior, Who car - eth so kind-ly for thee. Nev - er for - get the dear Sa - vior,
 Sa - vior, Who wash - es and makes thee whole.
 Sa - vior, He lov - eth thee to the end.

Nev-er for-get the dear Sa - vior, Nev-er for-get the dear Sa-vior, Who loves thee so tender - ly.

I Want to be There.

129

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. When the ran-somed shall stand by the great white throne, And Je-sus shall hail them his lov'd, his own;
2. When the door of sweet mer-cy is closed at last, And all thro' the gates of pure gold have pass'd;
3. When the Lord shall have gather'd his jew-els bright, In-to his rich pal-ace of glo-rious light;

When the saints with the Mas-ter his glo-ry share, I want to be there, I want to be there.
And their beau-ti-ful crowns in the brightness glare, I want to be there, I want to be there.
And they dwell in the man-sions so pure and fair, I want to be there, I want to be there.

Chorus.

I want to be there, I want to be there, With Christ and the ransom'd, I want to be there.

9

Gather in the little Ones.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Gath-er in the lit - tle ones, From the ways of sin; Go and find them, Christian toil - er,
 2. Gath-er in the lit - tle ones, 'Tis a blest em-ploy; Thy re-ward shall be a har-vest
 3. Gath-er in the lit - tle ones, Ere an e - vil hand, Leads them from the nar-row path-way

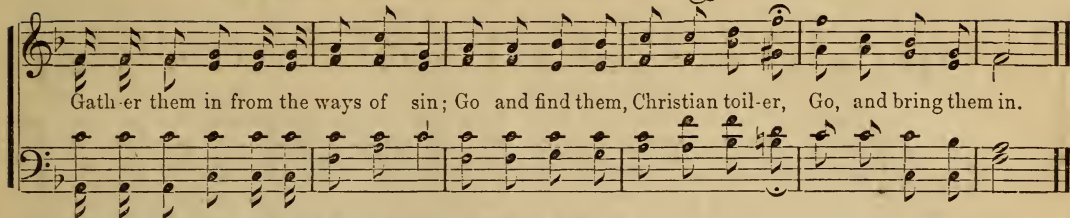
Go and bring them in. Christ is wait-ing to re-ceive And bless them with his love, To wash their souls and
 Of ex - ceed-ing joy. Christ will bless your faithful toil, And seal your heart with grace, And you shall see him
 To the bet - ter land, Now the door stands o-pen wide, And Je - sus bids them come To taste the blessings

Refrain.

make them meet, For His home a - bove. Gath-er in the lit - tle ones, Gather in the lit-tle ones,
 by - and-by, See Him face to face.
 of His love, And makes his heav'n their home.

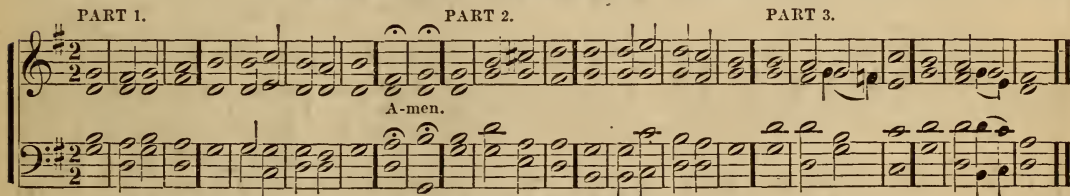
Gather in the little Ones.—Concluded.

131



Gath-er them in from the ways of sin; Go and find them, Christian toil-er, Go, and bring them in.

Gloria in Excelsis. (Chant.)



PART 1. PART 2. PART 3.

A-men.

TO CHANT PART I.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will towards | men. ||
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory. ||

TO PART 2.

3. O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty! ||
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son .. of the | Fa- | ther! ||

TO PART 3.

5. That takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
6. Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
7. Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer. ||
8. Thou that sitteth at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||

TO PART 1.

9. For thou only | art — | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord. ||
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory .. of | God the | Father. || A-MEN. ||

The Ninety and Nine.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1863.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?" But the
 one was out on the hills a-way; Far off from the gates of gold-- A - way on the mountains
 Shepherd made answer, This of mine Has wan - der'd a-way from me; And al-though the road be
 wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the tender Shepherd's care.
 rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
 passed through
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry--
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
 the way
 That mark out the mountain's track!"
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray."
 "Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
 torn?" [thorn.]
 "They are pierced to-night by many a

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
 own!"

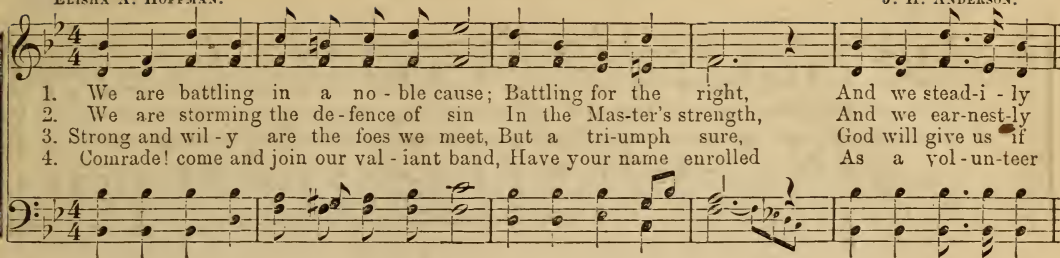
From "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," by per. Biglow & Main.

Steadily Forward.

133

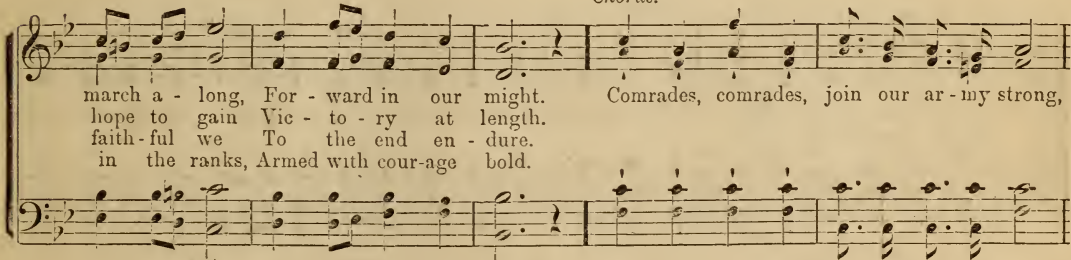
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. ANDERSON.

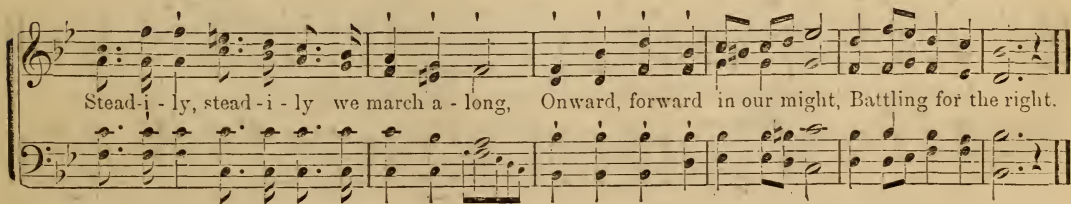


1. We are battling in a no - ble cause; Battling for the right, And we stead-i - ly
2. We are storming the de - fence of sin In the Mas-ter's strength, And we ear-nest-ly
3. Strong and wil-y are the foes we meet, But a tri-umph sure, God will give us if
4. Comrade! come and join our val - iant band, Have your name enrolled As a vol-un-teeer

Chorus.



march a - long, For - ward in our might. Comrades, comrades, join our ar-my strong,
hope to gain Vic - to - ry at length.
faith-ful we To the end en - dure.
in the ranks, Armed with cour-age bold.



Stead-i - ly, stead-i - ly we march a - long, Onward, forward in our might, Battling for the right.

Welcome Song.

LIZZIE FERRAND.
Graceful.

A. J. ARMSTRONG.

1. Once more we raise our voices, In a glad and welcome song; While our hearts with joy are beating, We
 2. How pleasant thus to gather In our "Sabbath Home" to-day, To return from transient journeyings, And

Chorus.

would the sound pro-long. Welcome friends, welcome friends, A joy - ful, joy - ful welcome here; How
 here a - gain to stay.

*pp Coda.**Rit*

happy are we, a - gain to see The fac-es of those we love. Welcome, welcome, wel-come here.

Away from the Fold.

135

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. B. BRADON.

1. A - way from the fold of Je - sus, I wan - der in deep un - rest, No light on my drea - ry
2. Far dis - tant up - on the mountains, I wan - der in dark - est night, No sun - light to cheer my
3. I'll rise and re - turn to Je - sus, And pray him to take my hand, And lead me in peace and

Chorus.

path - way, No joy in my troub - led breast, Sa - vior, Sa - vior,
spir - it, No Je - sus to greet my sight.
safe - ty, A - way to the prom - ised land.

Sa - vior, meek and mild, . . Make me, Make me, Thy o - be - di - ent child.

One Unchanging Friend.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. O my heart is sad and lone-ly, Grief-ing for the ab-sent friends, Who are in the land im-mor-tal,
 2. Mother's kis-ses, warm and ten-der, O they warm and thrill me yet, With a thrill of sweetest rap-ture,
 3. Fa-ther, moth-er, all have wander'd, From the scenes of earth a-way, Lone and friendless, sad and weary,

Where the day-light nev-er ends; There a kind and lov-ing Fa-ther Wears a roy-al di-a-dem,
 That I nev-er can for-get, But my moth-er, too, has left me, An-gel spir-its from a-bove,
 In the walks of life I stray, Yet there's one that's left to love me, He will love me to the end.

Refrain.

In its pal-a-cies of glo-ry, In the New Je-ru-sa-lem. On-ly one is left to love me,
 Came and took her from our earth-home, To the shin-ing home of love.
 My Re-deem-er and my Sa-vior, My un-chang-ing, constant friend.

One Unchanging Friend.—Concluded.

137

On - ly He who reigns a - bove me, Je - sus, Sa - vior, to the end, Be my one un - chang - ing friend.

Forward, March!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Chorus.

J. M. BIERMANN.

1. { Ye sol - diers of Im - man - u - el, Forward, March, } To arms! brave soldiers for the right! Our God will
 { We must de - feat the hosts of hell, Forward, March, } crown us

in the fight, With vic - to - ry, Glad vic - to - ry,

- 2 Stand firm against the powers of sin,
 Forward, march!
 The field for Jesus we must win,
 Forward, march!
- 3 Let this our earnest war-cry be:
 Forward, march!
 We strike for God and victory!
 Forward, march!

Christmas Greeting.

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior."—LUKE 2: 11.

Words and Music by F. C. HAINES.

Gliding.

1. Sing we now the wondrous sto - ry, How there came one cloudless night In a flood of daz-zling glo-ry,
2. In a low - ly man-ger ly - ing, Was the Son of God most high; Humble, meek, and self-de-ny-ing,

An-gels from their home of light, Sweetly then their voi-ces blend-ing, "Glo-ry un - to God!" they sing,
To the world he came to die, But he now on high is reign-ing, And he bids the chil-dren come,

Refrain.

"Christ from Heav'n to earth de-scending," Is the news to men they bring, "Mer-ry Christmas!" Is our greeting,
That they may, to heav'n at-tain-ing, With Him find a hap-py home.

Christmas Greeting.—Concluded.

139

Rit.

To our friends as-sembled here, 'Tis the great me-mor-ial meeting, The most pleasant of the year, The most pleasant of the year.

Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. A. MUNK, M. D.

Fine. Chorus.

1. { Hast thou much of trib-u-la-tion? Cast thy bur-den on the Lord. } Come temp-ta-tion, tri-al
 { Look to Him for con-so-la-tion, Trusting in his promised word. }

D.C. Cho. Take in pa-tience what he sends thee, Thine shall be a rich re-ward.

D.C.

sor-row, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord,

2 Hast thou much of woe and sorrow?
 Cast thy burden on the Lord.
 Soon will dawn a brighter morrow,
 Only trust the promised Word.

3 Hast thou much of care and trial?
 Cast thy burden on the Lord.
 Bear reproach and self denial.
 Trusting in the promised Word.

In the Beautiful Valley. (Quartet.)

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Cantabile.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. In the beau-ti-ful val-ley Where the wild ros-es bloom, Where the soft winds are sighing, O make there my tomb, Where
2. In the beau-ti-ful val-ley Where my bod-y shall rest, 'Neath the flow'rs in their beauty And loveliness dress'd, Stray
3. In the beau-ti-ful val-ley When the Sa-vior shall come, Re-sur-rect-ing our bod-ies To gath-er us home, I'll

li-ly-bells, drooping, Their dew-y tears weep, In the glades of the val-ley, There, there would I sleep.
oft-en, com-mun-ing With spir-its of love, Who, tho' un-seen, are near you With-in the green grove.
rise at his sum-mons, In glo-ry ar-rayed, From the beau-ti-ful val-ley, The place of the dead.

Refrain.

In the val-ley, beau-ti-ful val-ley, Beau-ti-ful val-ley, Let me rest, calm-ly rest, sweetly rest.

Journeying Home.

141

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. S. BUCK, Milwaukee, Wis.

1.. Jour-ney-ing on-ward we go, Leav-ing the cit - y of woe, Bound for the cit - y of peace,
 2. Soon we shall stand by the gate, Where the bright angel hosts wait, Read - y to wel-come us in,
 3. Cheer-ful-ly, then, we go on, Till life's short jour-ney is done, Till, with the blest, we shall stand,

Chorus.

Bound for the por-tals of bliss. Then cheer-ful-ly, pil-grim, your jour-ney pur-sue, And soon the bright
 In - to the glo-ry with-in.
 Safe in the heav-en - ly land.

cit - y will burst on your view, An-gels will beckon and welcome you in, In-to the glo-ry with-in.

Shining Angels.

Rev. B. C. OYLER.

REV. 7: 14, 15.

Rev. B. C. OYLER.

1. Say, O say, ye shining angels, Who are these with robes so bright, Gathered round the throne in
 2. These are they who came to Je - sus, When they heard his gen - tle voice, Bow'd be - fore him in con -
 3. These are they who fol - low'd closely In the footsteps of our Lord; Thro' all tri - als and temp -
 4. They are now a - cross the riv - er, Safe - ly on the oth - er shore, Gath - er'd round the throne in

Chorus.

glo - ry, Praising God both day and night?
 tri - tion, And he bade their hearts rejoice.
 ta - tion, They o - bey'd the Sa - vior's word.
 glo - ry, Praising God for - ev - er - more.

Their robes are pure, their robes are

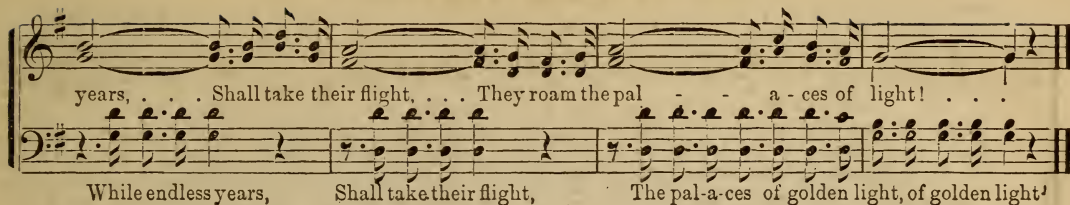
Their robes are pure,

bright, They stand be - fore thy Throne in white While end - less

Their robes are bright, They stand before thy Throne in white,

Shining Angels.—Concluded.

143

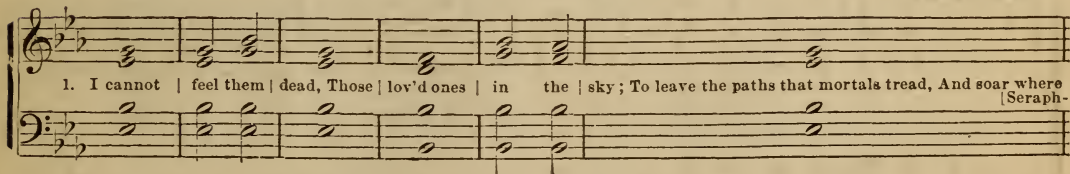


years, . . . Shall take their flight, . . . They roam the pal - - a - ces of light! . . .

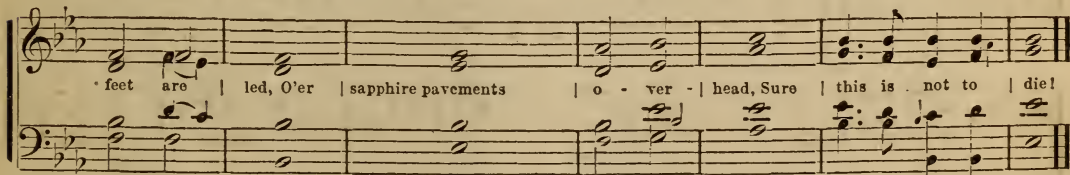
While endless years, Shall take their flight, The pal-a-ces of golden light, of golden light!

They are Not Dead. (Chant.)

T. FRANK ALLEN.



1. I cannot | feel them | dead, Those | lov'd ones | in the | sky; To leave the paths that mortals tread, And soar where
(Seraph-



feet are | led, O'er | sapphire pavements | o - ver - | head, Sure | this is not to | die!

2 To go with | pleasant | dreams
To | rest be- | neath Death's | wave,
And wake where flow immortal streams,
Where everything in | sunshine | gleams,
A- | mid the bright She- | kinah's | beams,
Is | not to find a | grave!

3 To slumber | neath the | sod
Like | flow'rs at | Frost-king's | breath,
Then bursting from his icy rod,
Shake off the valley's | cumb'ring | clod,
And | rise all beauti- | ful to | God,
This | does not seem like | death!

4 They only | go to | rest,
As | goes the | bird and | bee;
They wake, the white-rob'd angel's guest,
Like them in wedding | garments | drest,
With | them to share the | banquet | blest,
Of | Immortali- | ty.

Will You be There?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

S. T. WALLACE.

1. The beau-ti-ful cit-y of Je-sus, my King, Has pal-a-ces gold-en and fair, Whose arches with
 2. The streets are of burnish'd and glisten-ing gold, Am-bro-sial with fragrance the air, The flowers per-
 3. The hosts of the ransom'd, enrobed in pure white, Shall never know sorrow or care; No tears shall be
 4. Those beau-ti-ful mansions of glo-ry and light The Sa-vior has gone to pre-pare, For all who are

song will e-ter-nal-ly ring; Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?
 re-ni-al nev-er grow old, Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?
 shed in that cit-y of light: Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?
 wash'd in his blood and made white: Oh, tell me, will you be there? Oh, tell me, will you be there?

Chorus.

Will you be there? . . . Will you be there? In the
 In the ci-ty of gold-en pal-a-ces, Oh, tell me, will you be there?

Will You be There?—Concluded.

145

cit - y of gold - en pal - a - ces Oh, tell me, will you be there?

Yet There is Room.

Rev. H. BONAR, 1873.

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, with expression.

1. Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry, beckons thee a - long;
2. Day is de-clin-ing, and the sun is low; The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in, pass in, and be the bridegroom's guest:

Room, room, still room! Oh, en-ter, en - ter now!

4 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:--oh, woful cry, "No room!"

Who is this that comes to me?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
SOLO.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Who is this that comes to me With a win-ning grace? With a look of ten-der love
 2. Why does Je-sus come to me From the courts a-bove? Why so kind-ly pledge to me
 3. Since my Sa-vior comes to me With such ten-der love, I will turn my err-ing feet

The musical score for the solo section is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are aligned under the notes, with the first line of the melody corresponding to the first line of lyrics, and so on.

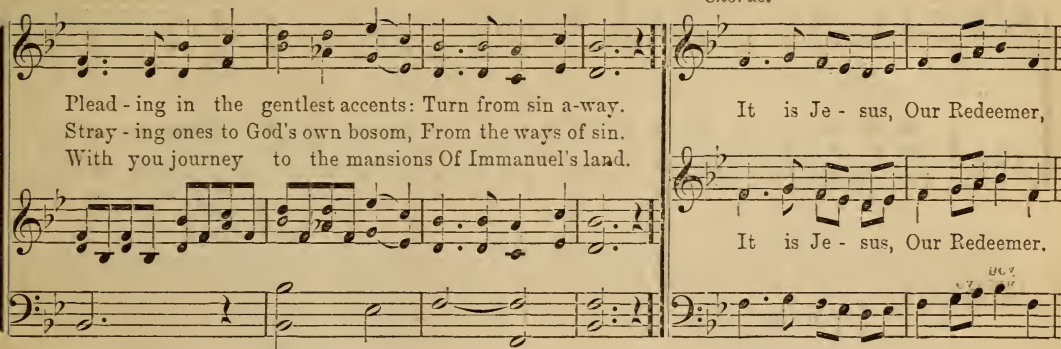
DUETT.

Beaming from his face? It is Je-sus, my Re-deem-er, And he comes to-day
 His un-ceas-ing love? Ah! he sees your lost con-di-tion, And he comes to win
 To the home a-bove. We will join with you, dear sis-ter, Pledge our heart and hand,

The musical score for the duet section is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are aligned under the notes, with the first line of the melody corresponding to the first line of lyrics, and so on.

Who is this that comes to me?—Concluded.

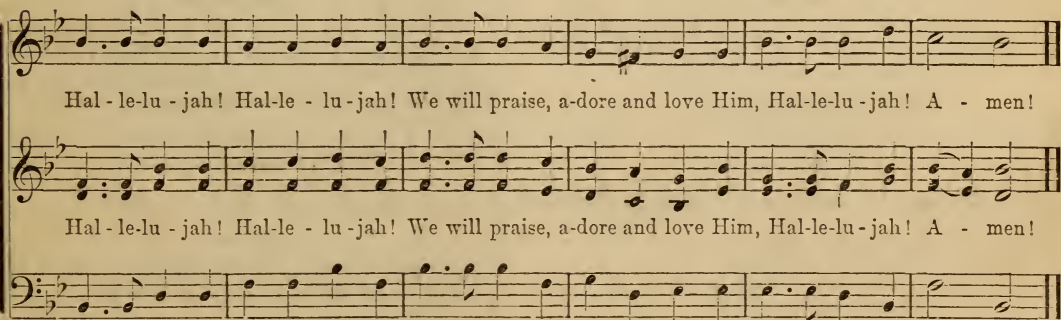
147

Chorus.

Plead - ing in the gentlest accents: Turn from sin a-way.
Stray - ing ones to God's own bosom, From the ways of sin.
With you journey to the mansions Of Immanuel's land.

It is Je - sus, Our Redeemer,

It is Je - sus, Our Redeemer.



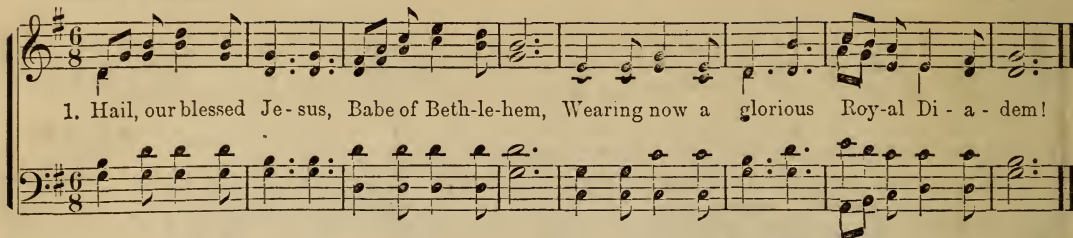
Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! We will praise, a-dore and love Him, Hal-le-lu - jah! A - men!

Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! We will praise, a-dore and love Him, Hal-le-lu - jah! A - men!

Crown Our Jesus.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

FRANK C. HAINES.



RECITATION.

"And the angel said unto them: Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

- 2 Hail him now Redeemer,
Paying all the claim
Justice had against us:
Glory to his name!

RECITATION.

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish, and without spot."

- 3 Walk with him as Shepherd!
He will safely guide
All his tender lambskins
In his pastures wide.

RECITATION.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

- 4 Hail him now as Prophet,
Teacher of the truth,
In the path of wisdom
Leading earnest youth.

RECITATION.

"And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said: This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, of Galilee."

- 5 Hail him Priest in Heaven,
Interceding there
For the faithful answer
To our every prayer.

RECITATION.

"For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself now to appear in the presence of God for us; nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the High Priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others: but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

- 6 Crown him King of Glory.
Crown our Jesus King!
Let us loudest praises
To his honor bring.

RECITATION.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory. Selah."

Crown Our Jesus.—Concluded.

149

7. Now hum - bly, hum - bly at thy feet we fall, Hum - bly, hum - bly

at thy feet we fall, And crown thee, Crown thee, Crown thee Lord of all,

Crown thee Lord of

Crown thee Lord of all, Crown the Lord of all A - men.

all, Crown thee Lord of

Father, won't you Try? (Solo and Chorus.)

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

(TEMPERANCE SONG)

Miss SARAH B. HAGAR.

1. Fath - er, won't you stop your drinking? It would make our hearts so glad,
 2. Fath - er, don't you pit - y moth - er? Oft her cheeks are bath'd in tears,

Now our home is so un - hap - py, And we al - ways feel so sad,
 Her poor spir - it has been break - ing, Lo! these ma - ny, ma - ny years.

You would be so kind a Fath - er, You could stay each tear and sigh,
 Won't you be more kind to moth - er? She will break her heart and die,

Father, won't you Try?—Concluded.

151

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in the treble clef, a vocal harmony in the treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "If you could but cease your drinking,— Dearest Fath - er, won't you try?" and "If you do not stop your drink - ing,— Dearest Fath - er, won't you try?"

Chorus.

Chorus section of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The lyrics are: "Won't you try? Won't you try? Won't you try? won't you try? Fa-ther, won't you try? Won't you stop your".

Final section of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The tempo markings "Rall." and "Rit." are present above the first and second staves respectively. The lyrics are: "drink-ing, Father won't you try? won't you try?"

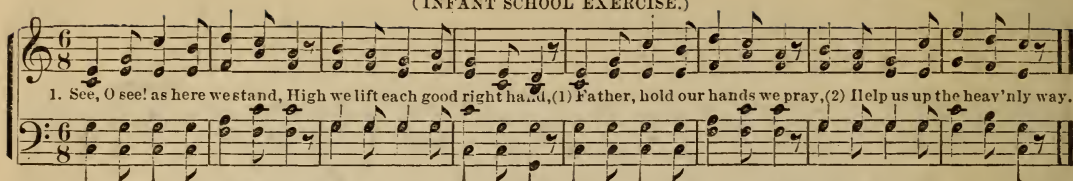
3 And your darling little Willie
Often calls to us for bread,
When the cupboard shelves are empty,
And the hungry ones unfed.
Don't you love your darling Willie?
What if he should starve and die!
Won't you stop your drinking, Father?
Dearest Father, won't you try?

A little girl crept upon her father's knee, just after his return from a drunken revel, and plead in tender tones:
"Father, won't you stop your drinking? Dearest Father, won't you try?"

See, O See!

Mrs. A. B. ALSTON.

(INFANT SCHOOL EXERCISE.)



1. See, O see! as here we stand, High we lift each good right hand, (1) Father, hold our hands we pray, (2) Help us up the heav'nly way.

RECITATION.

"I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee: Fear not, I will help thee." Isaiah 4, 13.

- 2 This the left (3,) and this the right, (1)
We will try with all our might,
Where we turn or where we go, (4)
All His holy will to do.

RECITATION.

"This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Isaiah 30, 21.

- 3 We will work with either hand, (5)
Swift to do our Lord's command,
Fingers (6) formed with wondrous skill
May He teach to do His will.

RECITATION.

"My son, keep my words; bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the tablet of thine heart." Prov. 7, 1-3,

- 4 Eyes (7) the Lord hath given me,
All His lovely works to see,
Ears (8) that hear what He has said,
Both of these the Lord hath made.

RECITATION.

"The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them." Prov. 20, 12.

- 5 Lips, (9) and mouth and tongue are these,
And their Maker may they please,
Keep (2) them from each sinful way,
Teach them only truth to say.

RECITATION.

"I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue. Psalms 39, 1. Set a watch O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psalms 141, 3.

- 6 Head (10) and heart and feet have we,
Father, turn them all to Thee;
Bless thy children, while they raise
Unto Thee a song of praise.

RECITATION.

"I have refrained my feet from every evil way." Psalms 119, 101. "Let thy heart keep my commandments." Prov. 3, 1. Blessings are upon the head of the just." Prov. 10, 6.

- 7 See, O see! as here we stand,
Jesus, take each little hand; (11)
May we all thy children be;
All this little class for thee.

—O—

DIRECTIONS.

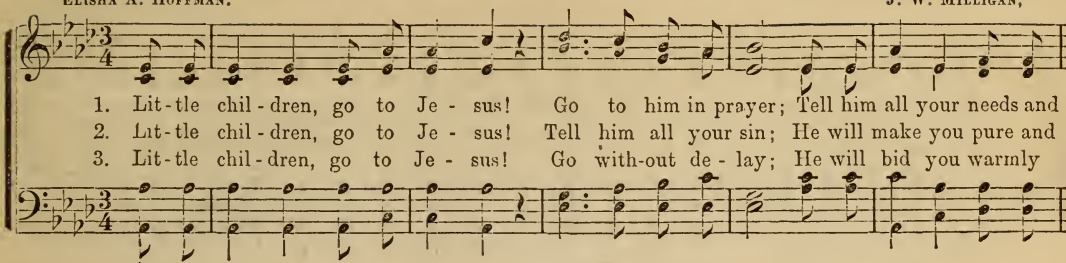
No. 1. Raise the right hand. No. 2. Fold hands as in prayer. No. 3. Lift the left hand. No. 4. Fold arms. No. 5. Raise both hands. No. 6. Move all the fingers. No. 7. Touch the corners of the eyes. No. 8. Touch the ears. No. 9. Touch the lips. No. 10. Touch the head, heart, and throw the hands toward the feet, palms out. No. 11. Clasp hands.

Little Children, go to Jesus.

153

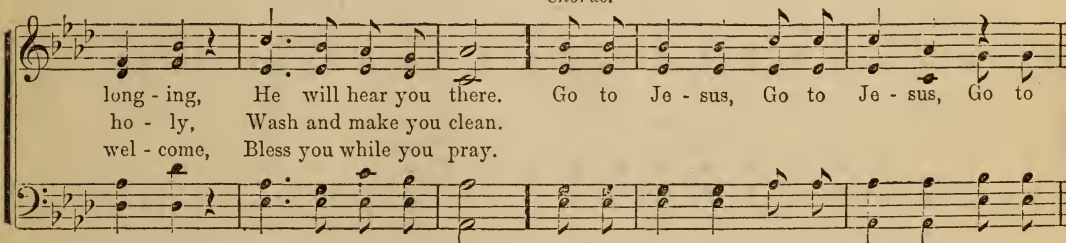
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN,

J. W. MILLIGAN,

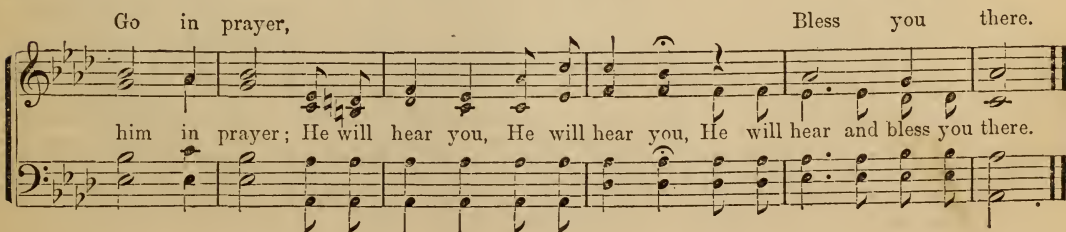


1. Lit-tle chil-dren, go to Je-sus! Go to him in prayer; Tell him all your needs and
2. Lit-tle chil-dren, go to Je-sus! Tell him all your sin; He will make you pure and
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, go to Je-sus! Go with-out de-lay; He will bid you warmly

Chorus.



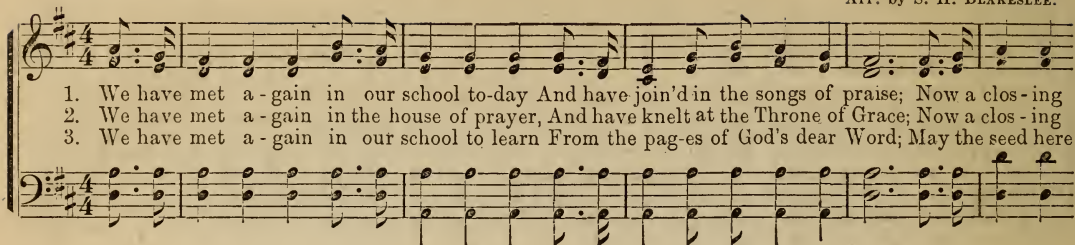
long-ing, He will hear you there. Go to Je-sus, Go to Je-sus, Go to
ho-ly, Wash and make you clean.
wel-come, Bless you while you pray.



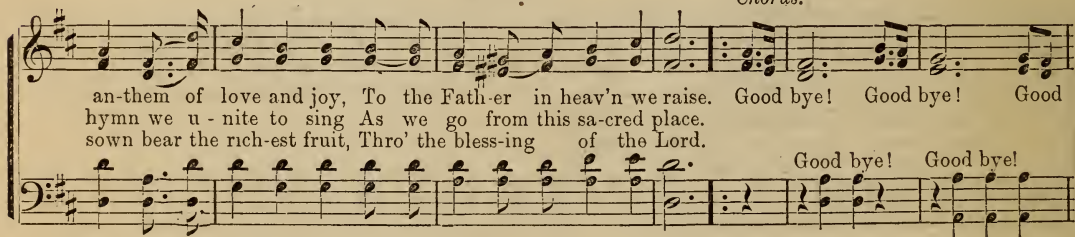
Go in prayer, Bless you there.
him in prayer; He will hear you, He will hear you, He will hear and bless you there.

Closing Hymn.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

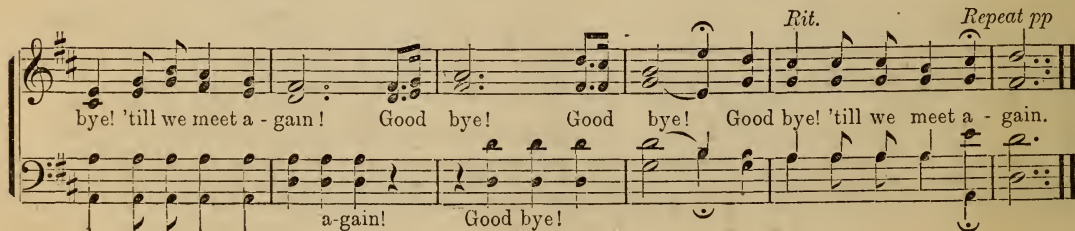
IDA L. BEVINGTON.
Arr. by S. H. BLAKESLEE.


1. We have met a - gain in our school to-day And have join'd in the songs of praise; Now a clos - ing
 2. We have met a - gain in the house of prayer, And have knelt at the Throne of Grace; Now a clos - ing
 3. We have met a - gain in our school to learn From the pag - es of God's dear Word; May the seed here

Chorus.


an - them of love and joy, To the Fath - er in heav'n we raise. Good bye! Good bye! Good
 hymn we u - nite to sing, As we go from this sa - cred place.
 sown bear the rich - est fruit, Thro' the bless - ing of the Lord.

Good bye! Good bye!



bye! 'till we meet a - gain! Good bye! Good bye! Good bye! 'till we meet a - gain.

a - gain! Good bye!

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care;
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake
thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield
thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Jesus is Mine.

- 1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth hath no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I every day,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which
Be of sin the double cure, [flowed,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring.
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

I love to Tell the Story.

- 1 I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.
- CHORUS.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—CHO.
 - 3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—CHO.
 - 4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—CHO.

Even Me.

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings
Thou art scatt'ring full and free ;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me !
Even me !

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father .
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the
rather

Let thy mercy fall on me !
Even me !

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
Let me live and cling to thee !
For I'm longing for thy favor ;
While thou'rt calling, call on me,
Even me !

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Testify of Jesus' merit !
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me !

5 Love of God—so pure and change-
less ;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free ;
Grace of God—so strong and bound-
Magnify it all in me ! [less,
Even me !

Just as I am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to
thee,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse
each spot,

O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

3 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Whiter than Snow.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole ;
I want thee for ever to live in my
soul ;
Break down every idol, cast out
every foe ;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes whiter than
snow ;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, come down from thy
throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete
sacrifice ;
I give up myself and whatever I
know—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.—CHO.

3 Dear Jesus, for this I most hum-
bly entreat ;
I wait blessed Lord, sitting low at
thy feet.

By faith, for my cleansing, I see the
blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.—CHO.

The Dear Ones all at Home.

1 Beyond the smiling and the
weeping,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

REFRAIN.

Love, rest and home !
Sweet, sweet home !
O how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home !

2 Beyond the blooming and the
fading,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.—REFR.

3 Beyond the parting and the meet-
I shall be soon ; [ing,
Beyond the farewell and the greet-
ing,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating
I shall be soon.—REFR.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the
fever,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.—REFR.

Wash me from my Sin.

TUNE—Pass me not.

- 1 At the cross of my Redeemer
Longingly I bow,
Waiting for the blood of cleansing,
Let it reach me now!

CHORUS.

- Wash me, Saviour!
I am all unclean;
Wash me in the blood of cleansing
From the stains of sin.
- 2 I am trusting, dear Redeemer,
In thy blood alone, [me,
Let the cleansing stream now reach
Seal me all thine own.—Cho.
 - 3 Pass me not, O loving Saviour,
Hear my fervent cry;
Take this burden from my spirit,
Help me, or I die.—Cho.

The Cross.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHORUS.

The cross, the cross, the precious
cross,
The wondrous cross of Jesus,
From all our sin, its guilt and power,
And every stain it frees us.
Then I'm clinging, clinging, cling-
ing,
Oh, I'm clinging to the cross,

Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging,
Clinging to the cross.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should
boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my
God;
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.—Cho.
- 3 Were the whole realm of nature
mine.
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Nearer to Thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

America.

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
- 3 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Come to Jesus.

- 1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.
- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, etc.
- 4 He is willing, etc.
- 5 He will cleanse you, etc.
- 6 Only trust Him, etc.
- 7 O, accept Him, etc.

God is Love.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

CHORUS.

God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps,
He weeps, and loves me still.

2 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love! I know, I feel, [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

The Home Over There.

1 We speak of the realms of the
blessed,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
O, what must it be to be there.:

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or
woe

For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Oh, How he Loves me!

TUNE—When Jesus comes.

1 How dear a friend is Jesus,
Oh, how he loves!
From all our sin he frees us,
Oh, how he loves!

CHORUS.

No name so sweet and precious,
No form so dear,
No voice like his to soothe me
When sorrows near—
Heart! humbly bow before him,
Oh, how he loves!
Soul! worship and adore him,
Oh, how he loves!

2 He cheers when life grows weary,
Oh, how he loves!
He lights the pathway dreary,
Oh, how he loves!—CHO.
3 He fills my heart so sweetly,
Oh, how he loves!
He saves me so completely,
Oh, how he loves.—CHO.

More Love to Thee.

1 More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

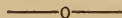
Dismissal Hymn.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

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